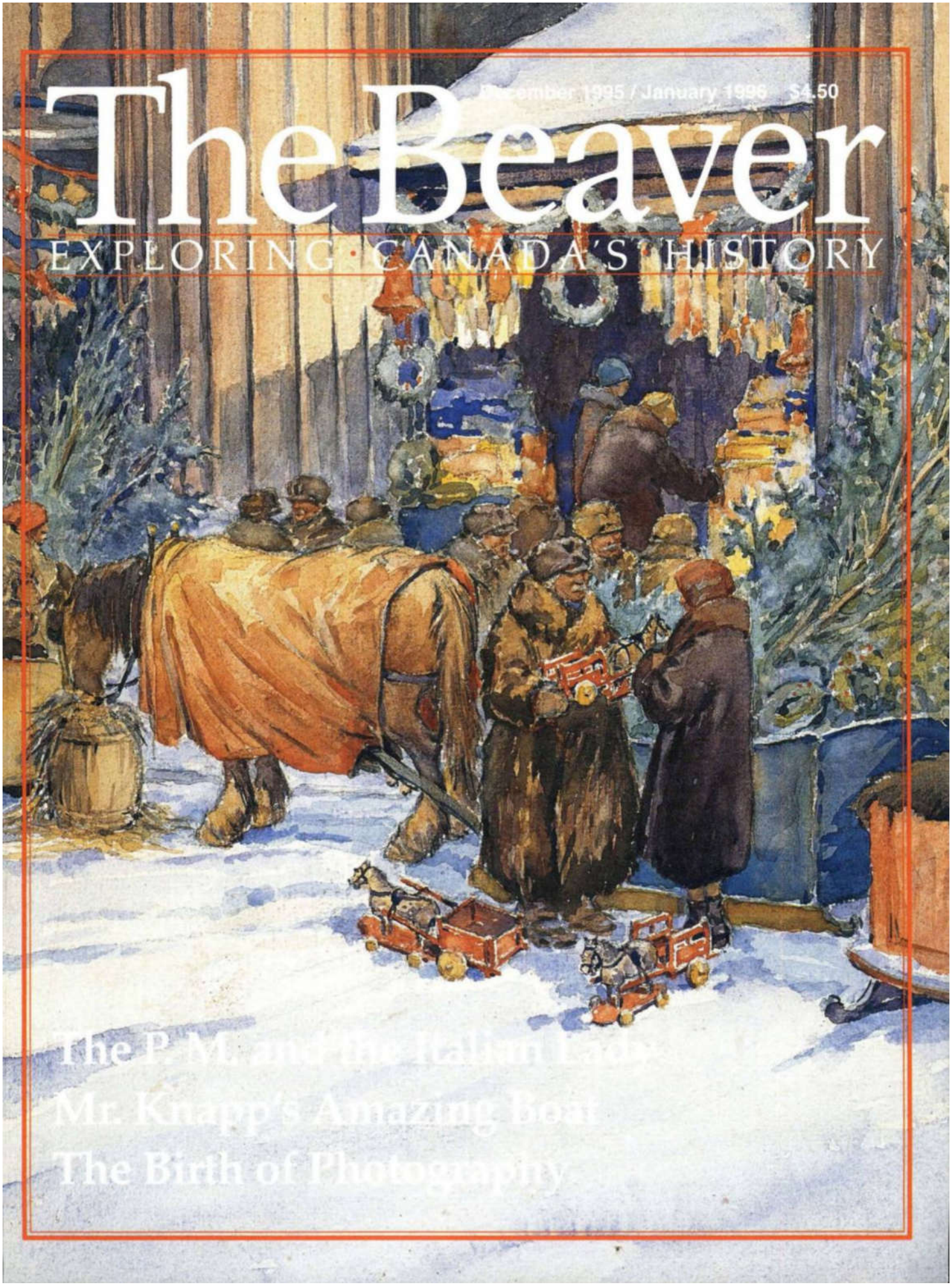
December 1995 / January 1996 $4.50

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY



The P. Mc[illegible] Medium

Mr. Knapp's Amazing Boat

The Birth of Photography

MUSEUM PROFILE

The Vancouver Museum

1100 Chestnut Street, Vancouver BC V6J 3J9
Phone 604-736-4431

AS CANADA'S LARGEST CIVIC MUSEUM, the Vancouver Museum is the chief custodian of Vancouver's history and a distinctive monument to that heritage: the building's conical roof is actually in the shape of a Haida whaling hat. The museum's unique architecture is complemented by beautiful grounds and breathtaking views.

Inside, visitors will be able to explore the rich cultural diversity of the Vancouver lifestyle, both past and present, both spiritual and physical, beginning with the Crab Fountain. It provides a futuristic vision of the creature the First Nations perceived to be the keeper of the natural harbour situated behind the Museum. There are opportunities to take a step back in time, by strolling through an authentically recreated Victorian home or, move forward, into Vancouver's future, by visiting the Urbanarium. These permanent exhibits are supplemented by topical exhibitions and a wide variety of special events and programs - from antique fairs to cultural celebrations - produced in partnership with many local or special-interest groups. The museum gift shop offers memorable keepsakes of your visit.

Now entering its second century, the Vancouver Museum is located just minutes from the centre of the city. It is easily accessible by car, trolley or on foot.

The Vancouver Museum: unique architecture

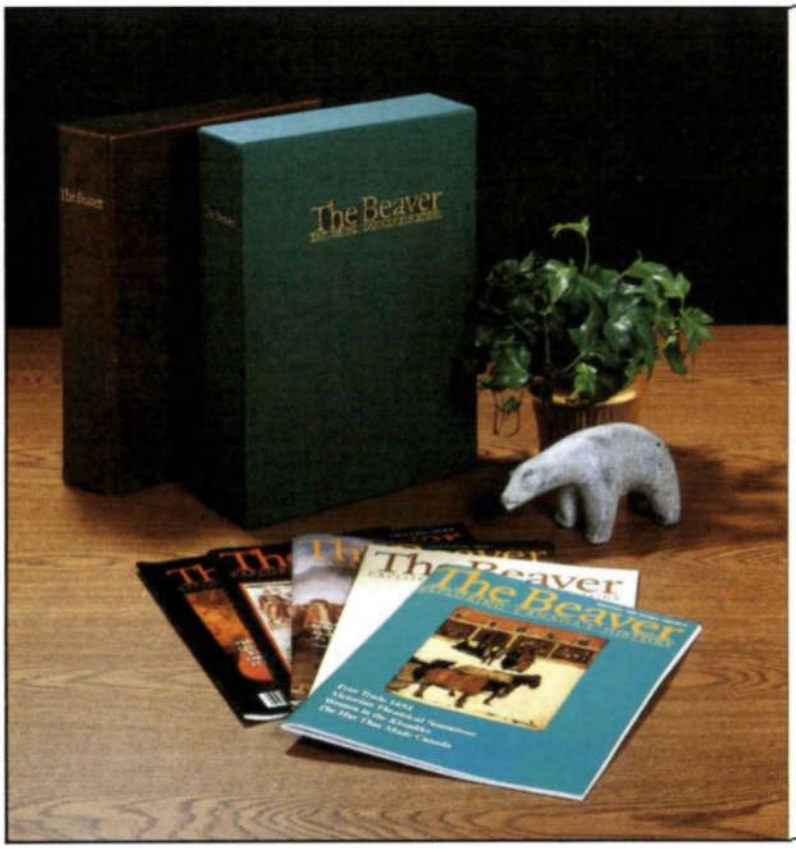
MUSEUM DISCOUNTS

Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria.
- Vancouver Museum.
- Vancouver Maritime Museum.
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary.
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton.
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton.
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg.
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, Quebec.
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John.
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, N.S.

A discount of at least 20% will be given on regular admission upon presentation of your membership card. All subscribers to **The Beaver** are automatically members of the Society. Some restrictions may apply.

Canada's National History Society



Preserve our History

Protect your back issues of *The Beaver* in our handsome brown **Beaver Binder**. Each sturdy vinyl binder holds six to eight issues and is sale priced at **$8.95** each or **two for $16.00**, postage paid.

Something new! **The Beaver Slipcase**, covered in attractive green fabric, holds 12 issues and is available at **$12.98 each** or **two for $24.00**, postage paid. Both binder and slipcase are embossed with elegant gold lettering and fit current and slightly larger back issues of *The Beaver*.

Send a cheque or money order to Beaver Binders, c/o *The Beaver*, #478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0T6.

Canadian orders add 7% GST.
Manitoba orders add 7% PST.

Christopher Dafoe, *Editor*
Carol Preston, *Associate Editor*
Alex Kachur, *Business Manager*
June Parker, *Subscriber Services Supervisor*
Sherrill Dallmann, *Subscriber Services Assistant*
Nadine Gauthier, *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy Bosma, *Research Assistant*
Catherine Kupfer, *Accountant*

Advisory Board:
Paul-André Linteau
Tina Loo
Desmond Morton
William Nobleman
Shirlee A. Smith

Publisher
Rolph Huband

THE BEAVER: Exploring Canada's History (ISSN 0005-7517), founded in 1920 by the Hudson's Bay Company, is published bi-monthly by Canada's National History Society, #478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Phone: (204) 988-9300. Fax: (204) 988-9309.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: (6 issues) $25.00 (Canada and United States). SINGLE COPY $4.50. OTHER COUNTRIES ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION $32.00.

Manitoba Residents: Add 7% PST ($1.64 on 1-year subscription: $2.94 on 2-year; $3.93 on 3-year).

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Call Toll Free 1-800-816-6777.
E-MAIL: beaver@cyberspc.mb.ca
World wide web site:
http: //www.cyberspc.mb.ca/~otmw/cnhs/cnhs.html

CANADIAN POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE BEAVER Magazine, #478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6.

PUBLICATIONS MAIL REGISTRATION NO. 1401.

U.S. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE BEAVER Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North Dakota 58271-0329.

U.S. SECOND-CLASS MAIL REGISTRATION NUMBER: USPS 759-610.

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg and at Pembina, North Dakota.

While every care will be taken of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no liability will be assumed for loss.

COPYRIGHT © 1995 by Canada's National History Society. All rights reserved. Reproduction without written permission of the publisher is strictly forbidden.

GST Registration Number: R 138681408.

Issued November 1995

PRINTED IN CANADA

THE BEAVER
Exploring Canada's History

December 1995 / January 1996 Vol. 75:6

2 EXPLORATIONS
Christopher Dafoe: The Road from Yesterday.

4 LATE HARVEST
Mackenzie King and the Italian lady.
BY P.B. WAITE

11 THE MIRROR OF NATURE
Early Daguerreotype photography in Canada.
BY GRAHAM W. GARRETT

19 THE GREAT TYCOON
The tragedy of Whitaker Wright.
BY JEREMY MOUAT

26 LAST VOYAGES OF THE "ST. ROCH"
Through icy seas to a safe harbour.
BY J. LEWIS ROBINSON

32 ROLLING OVER THE WAVES
Mr. Knapp's remarkable roller boat.
BY SHANE PEACOCK

37 SOLDIERS OF THE ROCK
Two centuries of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment.
BY BRIAN HEARN

40 MAKING THE PAST LIVE AT LOUISBOURG
A summer of celebrations in Nova Scotia.
BY KENNETH STICKNEY

43 BOOKS / 51 THE PACKET

53 WRITERS OF HISTORY
Christopher Moore on the history war.

ON THE COVER:

"Noël — Marché Bonsecours", watercolour c. 1920 by Paul Caron. Courtesy Masters Gallery, Calgary.

Christopher Dafoe

The Road from Yesterday

For a few days in October this year it seemed to many Canadians that the nation was poised on the edge of a steep cliff, a short step away from destruction. For the second time in 15 years the people of Quebec were being asked by their provincial government to vote in a referendum on the future status of the province. Would Quebec remain as a province of Canada or become an independent country with possible and as yet undefined links to what remained of the former Dominion?

Before the campaign began it appeared to many that the citizens of Quebec were as weary of the constitutional wars as Canadians elsewhere in the country. As the short campaign began it was widely believed that the voters would deliver a convincing rejection to the advocates of separation, but in the final weeks of the campaign observers were astonished to see a dramatic surge of enthusiasm for the "Yes" side. By the final week, with the vote days away, the polls indicated the possibility of a "photo finish" or a separatist victory and federalists in Quebec and across Canada felt a rush of vertigo as they looked down into the abyss. The campaign ended in a flood of emotion and apprehension on both sides of the question.

Then, as the results came slowly in on the night of 30 October, we drew back a step. The gulf still loomed ahead, but the voters of Quebec, by the narrowest of margins, had granted a reprieve, a breathing space, another opportunity to attempt a resolution of the vexing problems that have tormented us for so long.

A.A. Dorion

In the days after 30 October commentators contemplating the next step in the search for national unity and renewal spoke of almost three decades of difficulty, dating back to the day in November 1967 when a disgruntled René Lévesque broke away from the Quebec Liberal party and began organizing the Parti Quebecois. In the crowded years since then Canadians have witnessed change, dramatic events and almost unending debate along the road to the present day. We saw the beginning of the Trudeau years in the late 1960s; the Official Languages Act of 1969; the October Crisis of 1970 and the murder of Pierre Laporte; the first Lévesque government in Quebec in 1976; Bill 101 in 1977, making French the official language of Quebec; the Quebec sovereignty referendum of 1980 in which the split was 60% to 40% against separation; "the night of the long knives" in early November 1981 in which Ottawa and nine provinces reached a constitutional deal without the approval of Quebec; the signing of the new constitution by the Queen in July of 1982; the Meech Lake Accord of 1987 and its failure in 1990 followed by the founding of the Bloc Quebecois; the Charlottetown Accord and its rejection in a national referendum in October 1992; the stunning gains of the Bloc Quebecois in the national election of October 1993 leading to Official Opposition status in the House of Commons and the Quebec referendum of October 1995 in which sovereignty came within one percentage point of winning the day. There is enough history there to fill many volumes and weary the mind, but all recent history nevertheless and hardly the whole story of Canada's constitutional struggle, which goes back, in fact, far beyond the lifetimes of Jacques Parizeau, Jean Chretien, René Lévesque and Lucien Bouchard.

The dream of a French-speaking "homeland" in North America and fears for the survival of the Canadien identity in an English-speaking ocean goes back to a time far before Confederation. By the early 1860s, even as some French-Canadian political leaders were working toward a union of the colonies in British North America, a body of opinion held that Quebec should be a country unto itself. In the Confederation debates in the old Canadian Parliament A.A. Dorion, a leader of the anti-Confederation party, spoke for many in "Lower Canada" when he expressed the fear that Confederation could be a stepping stone to a legislative union, similar to the earlier union of the "two Canadas", in which French language and culture would be engulfed. Dorion found the assurances of George-Etienne Cartier unconvincing and became one

of the first in a long line of francophone leaders to stress the importance of special guarantees for Quebec.

Dorion's fear was that in the new country the French-speaking minority would be at the mercy of the English-speaking majority and he was unimpressed by assurances that protection would be available. "In the case of differences between the Federal power and the local governments", he asked, "what authority will intervene for its settlement?"

Cartier was quick to reassure him: "It will be the Imperial Government".

Dorion was not reassured: "In effect there will be no other authority than the Imperial Government and we know too well the value assigned to the complaints of Lower Canadians by the Imperial Government."

Fear of domination by "the rest of Canada" and a resulting loss of identity has been a major theme of Quebec political discussion over the century and more since Confederation, but there is another element as well and that is a feeling that the people of Quebec, especially those who spring from a relatively small group of ancestors, are a family and, in effect, a "nation". Quebec Premier Honoré Mercier was speaking in 1880 — but his words could have been uttered during this year's referendum campaign — when he said, "We have a right to our national existence as a race apart, and woe to any man who will deprive us of it." This feeling of being "a race apart" lies at the heart of the nationalist movement in Quebec and explains, in part, why many Quebec politicians find themselves giving offence to Quebecers of non-French background during moments of extreme emotion, as both Lucien Bouchard and Jacques Parizeau did during the 1995 referendum debate.

Many Quebecers throughout the years since Confederation have dreamed of creating a nation apart, but, until now at least, a majority have opted to follow their "national dream" within the Canadian union. This has never been an easy task and there has been almost constant friction. Difficulties between Quebec and the rest of Canada have impaired the constitutional development of the nation over much of this century.

The search for a method of amending the Canadian constitution began not long after Confederation, but because agreement could not be obtained, the constitutional instrument, until 1982 the British North America Act, remained in Great Britain and Canada had to apply to the British Parliament when alterations were needed.

In 1927 an attempt to find an amending formula agreeable to all parties (to consist of the House of Commons, the Senate and a majority of the provinces) failed. So when the Statute of Westminster, which was supposed to complete the nation-building process begun in 1867, came into effect in 1931 Canada still lacked an amending formula. Because of this the power to alter the BNA Act remained in the reluctant hands of the British Parliament.

Agreement was nearly reached in 1936 (approval by the House of Commons, the Senate and six provinces having 55 per cent of the population, including Ontario and Quebec) but Premier Maurice Duplessis of Quebec rejected the formula at the last minute.

George-Etienne Cartier

Failure came again in 1950 when no agreement could be reached. The Fulton-Favreau Formula of 1964 (House of Commons, Senate and seven provinces comprising at least 50 per cent of the population) failed when Quebec had second thoughts.

The Victoria Charter of 1971 called for approval by the House of Commons, the Senate and a majority of provinces comprising "every province which has or had 25 per cent of the nation's population, at least two provinces from both Atlantic and Western Canada, making up at least 50 per cent of the population for the latter". They thought they had an agreement until Quebec said "no".

Agreement was elusive in 1980 after the defeat of the first Quebec referendum. The federal government and the provinces argued for months over the division of powers and the entrenchment of a charter of rights and freedoms. At the end of the year Prime Minister Trudeau announced that the federal government would bring home the BNA Act by itself. At the so-called "night of the long knives" in November 1981 an amending formula was agreed upon by nine provinces and the federal government. The decision was made to proceed without Quebec.

Subsequent events are still ripe in memory and are, to some extent, responsible for our uncomfortable position at the edge of that cliff at the cold end of October 1995.

What comes next? The rocky path down the cliff face lies before us and we must find a way to pass over it in safety. We have taken a long time to get where we are and time may be running out. ◆

Late Harvest

MACKENZIE KING AND THE ITALIAN LADY

By P.B. Waite

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAN KAMIENSKI

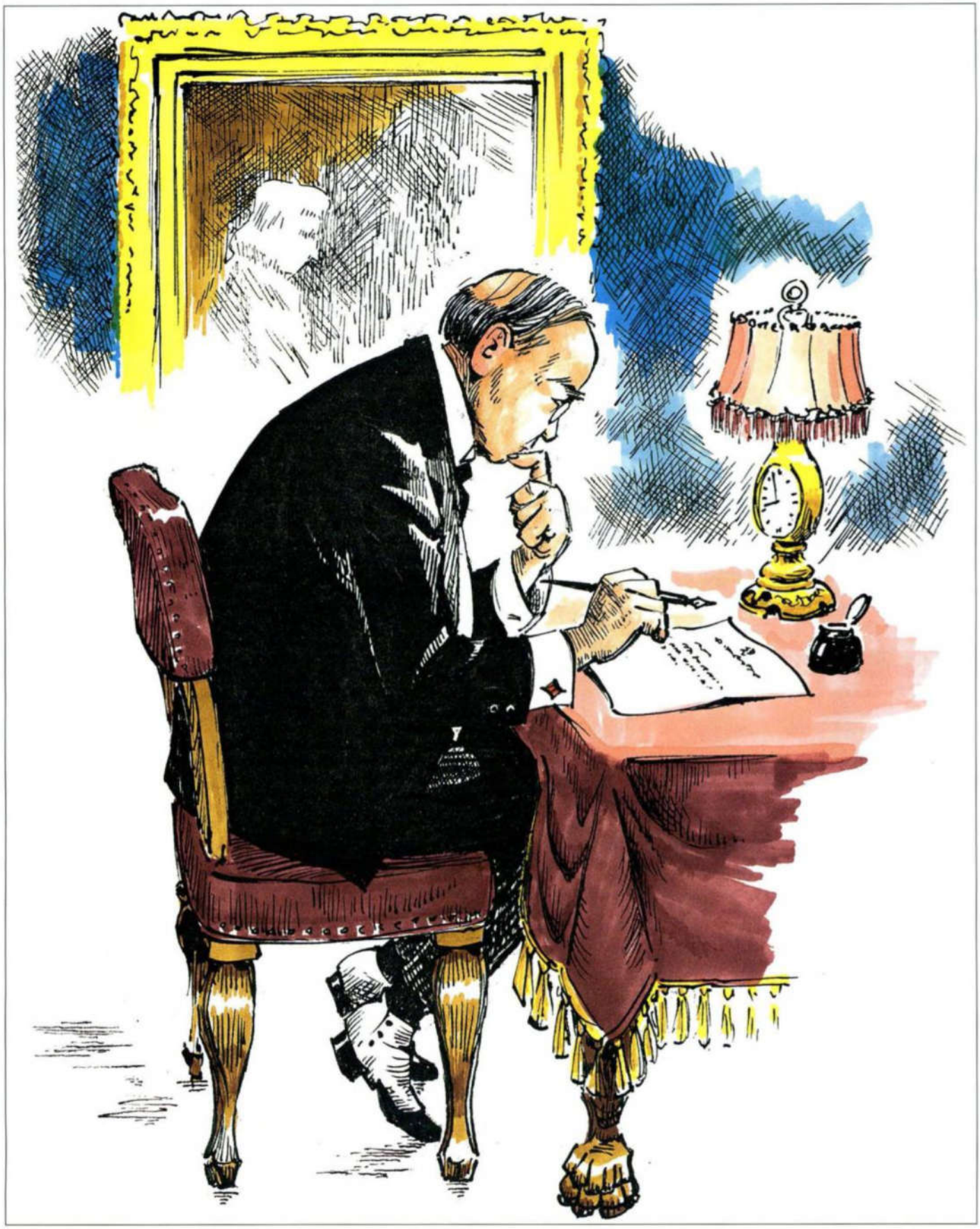
Lord Beaverbrook (1879-1964) liked to collect people and their papers. He collected, admired, and seduced women; he was also good at charming men, strange, magnetic gnome that he was. Usually he was on the *qui vive* for information that would feed the insatiable appetites of his London *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard.* But his interest went further than creating copy for his newspapers. He wanted to know the inside human stories, and best of all he liked to be part of them. He himself wrote able and interesting histories; behind them was his tremendous collection of papers: of prime ministers — Bonar Law, Lloyd George, of Great Britain; R.B. Bennett of Canada. Bennett's papers ended up at the University of New Brunswick, of which Beaverbrook was Life Chancellor, a university he subsidized, coddled, and bullied. Beaverbrook also collected papers of other friends, not least Sir James Dunn, whose widow he married in 1963, a year before his death. Among his collections is his clutch of Mackenzie King letters. His acquaintance with King dated from 1926, when Beaverbrook arranged to have King's portrait painted by Sir William Orpen. Although the portrait did not altogether please King, it came to hang in Laurier House. King liked Beaverbrook. "I cannot begin to tell you," he wrote Beaverbrook in 1926, "the pleasure it has afforded me to come to know you as I have." In 1928, writing, as he knew, to an old friend of R.B. Bennett's King said,

> I am happy to be able to tell you that I have found the House of Commons infinitely more pleasant with Mr. Bennett as Leader of the Opposition than it was with Meighen in that office. Not that Bennett is any less of a critic ... My personal relations with Bennett have been, on the whole, very pleasant and for this I cannot be too thankful.

In the House of Lords Record Office in London, the Lord Beaverbrook Papers comprehend some 900 boxes and 109 volumes. Beaverbrook himself has been the subject of a number of biographies, the most recent of which is *Beaverbrook, A Life* by Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie, (London 1992), much the best and which makes the most of his tremendous and varied career. Among the vast papers that Beaverbrook collected is also a bundle of letters and copies of letters from Mackenzie King addressed to a young Italian lady in Rome.

Beaverbrook's acquisition of these is sufficiently curious. One of the visitors to Beaverbrook's Riviera villa, La Capponcina, was the Cuban Ambassador to Italy, G. de Blanca. In April, 1952 the Ambassador and Beaverbrook talked of a lady de Blanca had met in Rome who had spoken with considerable knowledge and affection of Mackenzie King. He had died 20 months before. She had letters and telegrams from him that she had carefully kept through all the difficulties of the Second World War. Beaverbrook was much intrigued and authorized the Cuban Ambassador to invite her to La Capponcina. She was not able to leave Rome but offered to show the letters to the ambassador. She had in mind writing up the story herself; but although her spoken English was sufficiently fluent, her written English was not. She was also not well off, and when de Blanca, on behalf of Beaverbrook, offered to buy the correspondence, she agreed, on condition that her name would not be published.

There were 32 letters and a number of telegrams,



over a period of some 16 years, right up to three days before Mackenzie King's death in July, 1950. Beaverbrook was greatly interested in them, and at once invited the attention of senior men at the *Daily Express* to the correspondence. They had reservations. For one thing, there were no letters from her; it was entirely one-sided, the way indeed such collections of letters usually are. More important, the *Express* editors felt that however interesting as a portrait of Mackenzie King, "the colours are too delicate, the fragrance too faded to appeal to the great *Daily Express* public. The writer's [*viz.*, Mackenzie King's] style of writing, though simple and direct, could not charm the reader into overlooking the lack of incident. Nothing ever happens."

Precisely and elegantly said. Nothing ever did happen. What the letters reveal is the formation, inchoate and only half-spoken, of a late love affair, profoundly significant to them both.

The story begins with Mackenzie King's visit to Italy, in early November, 1934. The Canadian parliamentary session of 1934 had been long and arduous, January to July with a short recess. King was then Leader of the Opposition, almost sixty years old and starting to feel it. Nevertheless he was fairly fit for his age, having that year shed some 40 pounds, the result of a diet suggested by his doctor in Baltimore which he had followed with Presbyterian rigour. King watched his health the way aging bachelors sometimes do, taking a discreet glass of wine with dinner and not given to over indulgence. But King was lonely and vulnerable. His biographer, Blair Neatby, described him in 1934:

> His distractions were those of a lonely and self-centred old man. He seldom attended symphonies or plays, had no interest in popular sports ... and he was not tempted by the increasingly popular game of bridge ... In his years as Leader of the Opposition politics absorbed less of his time and he was therefore more free to yield to his fascination for the many manifestations of the spirit world ... Politics would continue to be his major occupation but in this less hectic interim he could allow himself the luxury of a private world.

King had long wanted a European holiday and he particularly wanted to go back to Italy. He had not been there since 1900; it was in Rome, on 26 June that year, that he received the offer from William Mulock, Laurier's Postmaster General, to become the Editor and Manager of Canada's new *Labour Gazette*, effective immediately. King went up on the Palatine Hill above the Forum to think it over. He eventually decided in favour of Ottawa rather than going back to Harvard.

In 1934 he took two months off, went to London where he saw Beaverbrook and then went on to Paris and Rome. King's immediate interest in Rome was to meet, and to sit to, an Italian sculptor in whom he had been interested for some time. At the Panama-Pacific Exhibition of 1915, that King had visited while in the American West working for the Rockefeller Foundation, there was a piece of Italian sculpture that caught his fancy, called "Visions". It depicted a young woman looking outward toward her own future, a piece which King subsequently acquired. He liked it so well that eventually he wrote the sculptor asking about its origins. The sculptor was Professor G. Guastalla, who worked in Rome. King wanted a bust of himself and of his father, and arranged to have photographs of himself, and his father, sent from Canada by his assistant private secretary, E.A. Pickering, and Joan Patteson.

Mary Joan McWhirter Patteson was the wife of Godfroy Patteson, manager of the Ottawa branch of Molson's Bank, later the Bank of Montreal. Joan was five years older than King; when King first met her and her husband in 1918 she had a grown-up son. She was a bright woman with a nimble mind and a loving nature; King found her a delightful intellectual companion. They would read Carlyle together, an adventure that Godfroy Patteson did not care to bother with. King considered Joan's husband much beneath her in taste, mind, and refinement. King's relations with Joan were by no means without emotion; they both struggled to control it. To describe Joan, as King did many years later, as "someone who filled the place of his mother in his heart" would establish the wrong perspective. That she mothered him was true, but there was much more to their relationship than that, and it would last all of King's life. This was the woman who interpreted correctly King's instructions about what photographs were to be sent to Rome.

King's father has sometimes been portrayed as a

figure whom he did not greatly respect, whose career seemed lacking in conspicuous success. "Poor old father" were his words at Mount Pleasant Cemetery when his father was buried in 1916. But there is little of that in 1934. When the photographs were delivered to King in Rome, on 8 November, he remarked, "I sat back in admiration of the nobility of dear father's face — his pure life — a life of service and ideals. Is it any wonder I honour my parents — all that I have that is any good I owe to them."

The sittings to Professor Guastalla began Thursday, 8 November 1934, two hours at a time; tiring work it was for the sitter while Guastalla modelled the clay. The sculptor spoke little or no English, but his neighbour did, volunteering to act as translator. Her name was Signora Giorgia Borra de Cousandier, a handsome young woman of 24 years of age, married to a man considerably older than herself. It was a marriage that from appearances seems to have been *de convenance*. She was a lawyer's daughter, well educated, and from a literary circle in Rome. She too in her own way was vulnerable, looking for companionship that her marriage seemed not to supply. So confident was she of King's open admiration that she confessed that if she had not been married, "I would have been taken to Canada as a wife."

Mackenzie King had always been susceptible to attractive women. He was never a misogynist. His bachelorhood came from his being too demanding: he wanted a wife who was talented, beautiful, well-read, stylish, with money preferably, and who adored him. He never managed to find her, though not for want of trying. Certainly his 59 years of age had not made him much less romantic, though it had made him cautious at indulging his romanticism. His first impressions of Signora Giorgia Borra de Cousandier was rapturous:

> She is one of the most charming persons I have ever met & one of the most beautiful — a truly lovely nature. She had read half of *The Message of the Carillon* [King's 1927 essays] last night ... & spoke particularly of the address on Sir Wilfrid Laurier & liking the description of Canada. ... She is one of the finest women I have ever met, a beautiful person, & exceedingly well educated & cultivated. Meeting her has been one of the great joys of the visit to Rome.

On the Sunday the Borras took King for a drive around Rome in their little car while the Signora pointed out the sights. It was the last day of sittings. His father's bust was started and would be finished from further photographs he would send. Professor Guastalla liked his client well enough that he saw him off at the Rome railway station.

So King came back to Canada, where he found his desk after two months' absence filled with so much work he could not "overtake its many obligations", as he put it to Signora Giorgia, even by Christmas. Early in 1935, the Bennett government "wholly changed its policies" and he had to begin new studies of the many questions that the Bennett New Deal had raised.

Then on 3 October 1935, came the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. R.B. Bennett authorized the Canadian High Commissioner in London, G.H. Ferguson, to denounce Italy as aggressor in the League of Nations debate in Geneva. But in the Canadian general election, 14 October 1935, King and the Liberals decisively defeated the Bennett government and King was sworn into office on 23 October. He would be his own Minister of External Affairs for the next eleven years. He and his Deputy Minister, O.D. Skelton, were both unhappy at the actions of the Canadian representative in Geneva, W.A. Riddell, in wanting the inclusion of oil in the economic sanctions already imposed against Italy by the League. The cabinet was divided, but King and Skelton's isolationism and pacifism prevailed. King did not believe in "perilous policies for peace"; the League to him was a forum for discussion,

not a military alliance against aggressors. Riddell's actions were repudiated, at first privately and later in November, 1935, publicly. King's own political principles were undoubtedly powerful determinants in this policy shift, but there is some colour to be added. He loved Italy. He wrote to Signora Borra from Sea Island, Georgia, on the very date that he communicated to External Affairs his final repudiation of Riddell:

> It has broken my heart, as I know it has yours, to see your country involved in war and in the differences which have arisen out of relations with the League of Nations ... I feel an interest, & I might say, an affection for your country second to

none of any other country in the world. I need scarcely say that that interest and feelings were in no way minimized by my visit of a year ago. I shall always remember, as among the happiest days of my life, the weeks I spent in Rome & the associations of Mr. Guastalla's studio ...

A year later, 12 September 1936, King set off for Europe in the *Empress of Britain* to attend the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva. He wanted to head off further Canadian commitments to the League. It was impossible for him to visit Italy — as the political head of Canada he could not easily make private visits — but was it possible the Signora could get to Switzerland? "How I wish it were possible for me to go to Locarno or Lugano some days of this week! Unfortunately, the Assembly of the League begins its meeting on Monday ... " They did manage to meet in Milan, however, and they talked several times by phone.

On his return to Ottawa, King was again caught up in affairs of state. In April 1937 the Signora lost her third child at birth; she and her husband had named King the godfather. He was "terribly distressed at not finding it possible to write to you in the course of the last few months." When Parliament was in session, he hardly had an hour to himself, and when it wasn't

I am usually so tired that I need to rest ... when your letter came, telling me of your serious illness, & the loss of your little son, I was almost broken hearted. I cannot tell you how deeply touched I was at the thought of Mr. B. & yourself inviting me to be the Godfather to the little one. No expression of good will & affection could have been greater than that. I really should have called you at once saying how delighted I would be to accept the honour ...

He added his views of immortality eight months afterward;

the little angel lad, who, not waiting for the Guardianship of his parents, left this world for the one Beyond, where he could watch over them instead. Is it not true that children who pass away at the time of their birth, become angels? ... It is a beautiful belief, & I feel sure a true one.

King expanded his views on this subject later:

I am glad you feel about your father as I do about my mother & indeed my father also — that he is ever by your side. Hold firmly to that belief for I am sure it is true. As I told you I am a strong believer in the survival of human personality after death. I am sure those whom we have loved, & who have loved us, come to see us when we call, & help us in very many ways ... We were each on a search for the "Holy Grail". I am sure it is the only search in life which is really worth while ...

As to the current state of the world, it was making it extremely awkward for him to go to Italy. He deplored current trends:

Like you I could not understand why we should [not] wish each other's happiness & good before all else. The blessings of peace are so obvious that one wonders how anyone could work for anything else. I feel, too, like you, that one of the worst features of it all, is that it makes it so difficult, where it does not make it altogether impossible, for us to meet & enjoy some of the beautiful things of life together. How lovely it would be if I could only drop into the Prof. G. Studio again, this time to watch him make another portrait of yourself & to talk together as he worked & then go for a drive & see the lovely Monti of Rome!

Those hopes were steadily fading. King sent her a letter from the Royal Train at Jasper during the King and Queen's visit to Canada in June 1939, and she and her family were actually planning a trip to the United States and Canada in August 1939, when King cabled that she should better stay home. The war was coming. The last letter before Italy entered the war in June, 1940, was 13 January 1940. It suggests the cosiness established between them:

I hope you won't mind my calling you "Giorgia", & wish you will be equally direct in your address to me. [She came to call him "Mackenzie"]. I have wanted to do this for a long time past & I think I have waited long enough to be entitled to do so now.

"I love your picture [a photograph of a painting of her] ... I have rather hesitated to tell you about it, for fear it might make your husband jealous. However, he has *you* ...

The war made life very difficult for Signora Giorgia Borra de Cousandier and her little family. In 1942 she separated from her husband, not altogether amicably it appears. She told the Cuban Ambassador in 1952 that her friendship with Mackenzie King was the reason, though there may have been others. During the Allied advance in Italy in 1944 she carried King's letters to bomb shelters as the most precious things she owned. Then her house in Rome was requisitioned by the Allies. King intervened and she got it back again. During this time she translated Emil Ludwig's 1944 biography of King into Italian.

In October, 1945 King was in London hoping to

go on to Italy, failing which he phoned through to her on British Army telephone lines. I wanted "to hear your voice & tell my love to you ..." He was in London in May, 1946 and again frustrated. It had been 12 years since he'd seen her! At last, in August, 1946, they met in Paris. King was there for the Paris Peace Conference, staying at the Crillon Hotel. Italy was well represented; King met the Italian Prime Minster, de Gasperi, who knew the Signora Borra. She had a delightful visit with King:

> He lavished such tenderness and attentions on me that on more than one occasion it brought tears to my eyes ... we dined in his private room, but were not left completely alone; the waiter, with some excuse or other, was always making brief appearances in the room. It was at this juncture that he told me how he had been watched all his life and why, at times, in his letters he had to be careful and not say as much as his heart would like. He told me also how he had always become embittered that the political situation had prevented him from coming to Italy ... We passed the days happily together and only seldom was he forced to leave me for his official duties.

One evening however when he was busy she went out with friends from the Italian Embassy who took her, naturally enough (her words), to see the night clubs of Montmartre. It was not something King would have done. As he said in his diary, the "social life of the kind one sees in a great capital is something which terrifies me." Nevertheless he was curious.

> [He] asked me in all secrecy and a little hesitatingly if it were true that in Paris there were places where some women danced in the nude. I was much affected by that question, thinking how many times he in his life had been to Paris and how in his existence, also in some little diversion, what he had known of frivolity, had been precluded to him. [sic]

When, for the last time, King returned with her to her hotel, she had "a presentiment, a lump in the throat, after having embraced him I said 'Goodbye'. 'No!' he corrected most disturbed, 'not goodbye, but au revoir, Giorgia!'"

King got her a job at the Canadian Legation in Rome when it opened late in 1947. She had been working at the Voice of America but gave that up to work for the Legation. It did not go well. In the summer of 1948 she got a bad attack of arthritis in her arm (her typing job was to be temporary pending a more important one), and her doctor ordered a three-month rest. By the time she came back to the Canadian Legation again, she had been replaced. The Canadian ambassador, Jean Desy (1893-1960), for some reason disliked her, possibly feared her, and he knew well enough that Mackenzie King was close to leaving office.

King was indeed getting old. He talked about returning to Italy, but he told Giorgia in May, 1948, "I find that I am much more tired than I ever believed I would be ... " If he were to have any time to himself to make something of his own private life, he told her, "I must not delay much longer in giving up my present duties, sorry as I am in many ways to have to take that step." Ah, there was the rub! He hated to do it. He went to the U.N. Assembly in Paris that summer, but owing to illness had to forego the prime minister's meeting in London, receiving instead visitors and accolades in his suite at the Dorchester Hotel. Perhaps that forced his hand, but even so he resigned only on 15 November 1948.

By this time it was Joan Patteson, King's female

companion since the 1920s, who looked after him, and that would now not change. The last entry in King's diary is Wednesday, 19 July 1950, which he dictated that evening. At the same time he dictated what turned out to be his last letter to Giorgia:

> I was more than pleased to receive your letter written on the 10th of June, and also the charmingly illustrated, and I am sure, even more attractively written little volume entitled "La Princesa del Precillo" and other fables which came a short time before. If I have not written sooner it has been because of a strange sort of illness which I have had throughout the present year. [A combination of heart trouble and asthma] ... I assure you, my dear friend, that any omission to write has not been due to lack of thought ... On the contrary, you have been very much in my thoughts over the months ... I have always been proud of your friendship, and feel a

greater pride for you today than ever ...

As for myself, I am now living at my little home in the country known as Kingsmere which is 12 miles away from Ottawa, at the side of large woods and a small lake. I have been coming here off and on for 50 years. This year is the first time I have not been able to walk over even a small portion of my own grounds ... Fortunately ... I have lots of windows from which I can look out at the forest, and see the beauty of the sun on the leaves and the grass. As the days go by, I shall possibly pick up enough strength to walk about, but I have to be very careful on account of breathing ...

Please do not let this letter alarm you in any way; as one gets older, it takes longer to get over a serious illness of any kind. I believe that my life will be spared ...

Our friendship is one which I treasure greatly, and ever will. I am only sorry there has been through the years, so little chance for me to see anything of you or of the beautiful Italy I knew ...

By the next afternoon King was in the throes of sudden acute pneumonia and had to be sedated with morphine. He never recovered consciousness, never signed the letter he had dictated to Giorgia. He died on Saturday, 22 July 1950.

Giorgia received the letter at Rapallo whither she had taken her younger son for a holiday, a month after she read of King's death in the Italian papers. His letter came like a voice from the dead.

King's Italian lady was possessed of some virtues of which Joan Patteson was not: youth, vigour, education, style, sophistication. Whether King would have ever married Giorgia — as she seemed in 1934 to have thought possible had she been free — must remain unanswerable. By late 1949 King needed not only cossetting — he had always needed that — but nursing as well. Indeed by that time the great gap between his age and Giorgia's could no longer be ignored. When they parted in 1946 King was 72 years old, and she 36. It was a gap not impossible for a healthy and vigorous man to bridge, provided the lady was prepared for only a decade of married life and to be a nurse after that. King had asked her, in August, 1946, "Let me remain an anchor to you ... " Within three years it was too late even for that, for anything but Laurier House, Kingsmere, Joan Patteson, and hired nursing.

From a material point of view King gave Signora Giorgia Borra de Cousandier very little. There was nothing for her in his will; Joan Patteson and her husband were given an annuity of $2,500 a year. According to the Cuban Ambassador, Giorgia's 1942 separation from her husband cost her much of her fortune. After that she had to work. By 1949, when Desy had refused any longer to employ her, she was writing for different Italian papers and magazines. By that time her husband was very ill, and there was an Italian journalist in love with her, whom she might eventually marry.

Probably that was the best way. She never did have to face the transition from Rome to the Ottawa of the later 1940s; it would have been difficult, cut off from her friends, her Italian life. Mackenzie King never said a word about that; in his letters there was the unspoken assumption that Canada was a refuge from an Italy ravaged by war and want. Giorgia and King had in common a wide range of literary and artistic interests, but that might not have survived the sawdust and pulpmills of the Ottawa of the 1940s. Perhaps King grasped that intuitively. He was good at that.

But the more important fact was that Giorgia was only one of several women whom King had delighted in meeting, and in keeping in touch with. He met Beatrix Robb, a New York divorcee, in Paris in 1928, for the first time; they met again that same summer in Geneva, in Evian-les-Bains, and in later years he dined with her whenever he was in New York. There was Julia Grant, another American, whom King first met in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1899, who married Prince Cantacuzene, a Russian nobleman, and whom she divorced in 1934. Julia visited Kingsmere and King in July, 1939, with Joan Patteson acting as hostess and chaperone. It was a difficult role for Joan; though she had been urging King these many years to marry, still, Julia was not all that young, just seven years younger than her. King told the Princess Cantacuzene that he doubted he would ever marry, but that if he did it would not be out of Canada. That may have been said to keep at bay a predatory Princess, and it did not end his letters to her; he continued to write, indeed his last letter to her was 11 July 1950, a week before that to Giorgia. The truth was, as C.P. Stacey put it, King "delighted in exchanging letters with all his old flames." Not for King the saying that "old flames are best left unlit." On the contrary, he tended the flames carefully, a votary before all of them. It was his vicarious enjoyment of romance, if no longer of youth, and there had been many romances over the years. But by now, by the late 1940s, home comforts had come to dominate his life and thought, and the supreme arbiter there was Joan Patteson, faithful, amiable, and a familiar of 30 years. There was never to be a substitute for her, try though she did, and as King did, to find one. ◆

P.B. Waite is Profesor Emeritus of History, Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Mirror Of Nature

Early Daguerreotype Photography In Canada

BY GRAHAM W. GARRETT

At around three o'clock in the afternoon on 19 August 1839, François Arago, President of France's Academy of Sciences, stood before the Chamber of Deputies in Paris and disclosed the culmination of years of scientific research by one Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, a prominent artist and producer of painted dioramas who had successfully captured images from nature on a silver plate through a combination of chemical and light.

Actually, François Arago had already delivered a preliminary report on Daguerre's behalf to the membership of *l'Academie des Sciences* on 7 January of the same year, at which time he pointed out that his protegé had decided to name his discovery the "daguerreotype".

During that warm summer week in August when many French editors and journalists were pointing out the liberality of their government in making Daguerre's invention public "for the benefit of the entire civilized world", they did not mention, nor did they seem to realize that earlier in the month Daguerre had applied for a patent in England relating to the use of his process, the only country to be singled out in this manner. The con-

Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre.

ditions of his patent extended to "Her Majesty's Colonies and Plantations Abroad", which, of course, included British North America.

Although there was no lack of material published abroad regarding Daguerre's process throughout the year 1839, it would appear that the majority of items published in British North America were carried by newspapers in Québec and Nova Scotia. Nevertheless, the first news to reach the shores of the North American continent relating to the events of January 1839 was reported in the *Chronicle and Gazette* at Kingston, Upper Canada, on Saturday, 9 March, two months after the fact. It had been taken from *Comptes Rendus de l'Academie des Sciences, vol. vii, 7 Janvier 1839,* giving a brief account of the proceedings and a description of several images that Daguerre had previously recorded of prominent Parisian architectural landmarks.

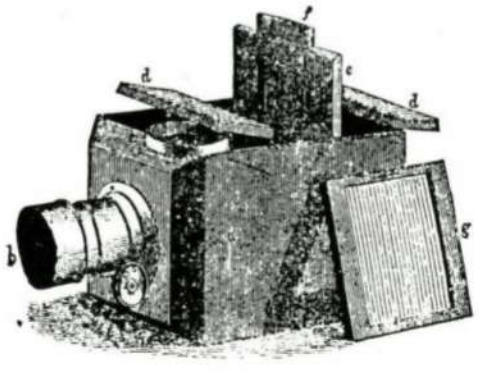
The more important disclosure by Arago on behalf of Daguerre in August was given a large play in *Le Canadien* of Quebec City on 13 September, followed by another piece on the 30th containing Daguerre's complete formula and "chemical manipulation". It seemed that this particular editor found it hard to contain his excitement over the news from Paris. He inserted a separate commentary to the effect that the publishers would be very proud if the first successful attempt to follow the Daguerreotype process on the North American continent took place in Lower Canada.

It must have been somewhat disappointing to find out later that a British man by the name of D.W. Seager had already taken a daguerreotype view of St. Paul's Church in New York over a week before, on 16 September.

There were some in the Atlantic region who had already begun trying their hand at making "photogenic drawings", but their activity seemed to consist of duplicating the sensitized paper images of near two dimensional objects exhibited by William Henry Fox Talbot on 25 January at the Royal Institution in England. It did not take long for several individuals to go on record with the results of their own experiments, such as *A Treatise on Photogenic Drawing* by Golding Bird that had been carried by various journals during the month of April, accompanied by wood-engraved facsimiles of botanical specimens he had produced. The article, which included his formula for sensitizing paper, was reprinted by the *Colonial Pearl* on 31 May 1839 in a column under the heading "The Art of Sun Painting". This sudden interest in photogenic drawing may have influenced the liberal-minded Reverend Edmund Crawley, a Methodist minister and one of the founders of Acadia College at Horton, near Wolfeville, Nova Scotia, who was visiting the United States during the late summer of 1839 to raise subscriptions for his newly-opened institution. Shortly after his return home that autumn the *Christian Messenger* newspaper in Nova Scotia was among several that commented on equipment he had acquired during his trip:

> We have much pleasure in stating that a philosophical apparatus, comprising all the parts most generally in use in the illustrations usual in the higher academies and colleges, has just been received at the institution at Horton, intended for conducting the class of natural philosophy in the college in its various experimental branches. It was selected by the Rev. Mr. Crawley, at Wightman's, Cornhill, Boston.

Years later, a prominent Boston daguerreotypist noted that shortly after the disclosure by Daguerre in August, many firms in Cornhill Street began making apparatus of their own design for the "photographic" trade. Joseph Wightman, the proprietor of a Boston firm, periodically advertised in Quebec and the Maritime colonies until the late-1850s, running ads beside other out-of-town photographic supply houses from the



A daguerreotype camera.

United States such as Whipple & Black of Boston.

Like Crawley, several members of the Methodist Church took a keen interest in the progress of photography over the years. One such was the Reverend George Playter, an historian and the editor of the *Christian Guardian* in Toronto during 1845-46. During his term as editor he advertised a prospectus for a book based on a 600-page manuscript he had written on the fine arts, including "Gilding, Lithography and the Daguerreotype", a work he hoped to publish as soon as enough subscribers could be found. Unfortunately, before this could happen Playter's term of office with the *Guardian* ran out and the whereabouts of his manuscript, which apparently contained "a notice of about 400 of the chief artists", is unknown today.

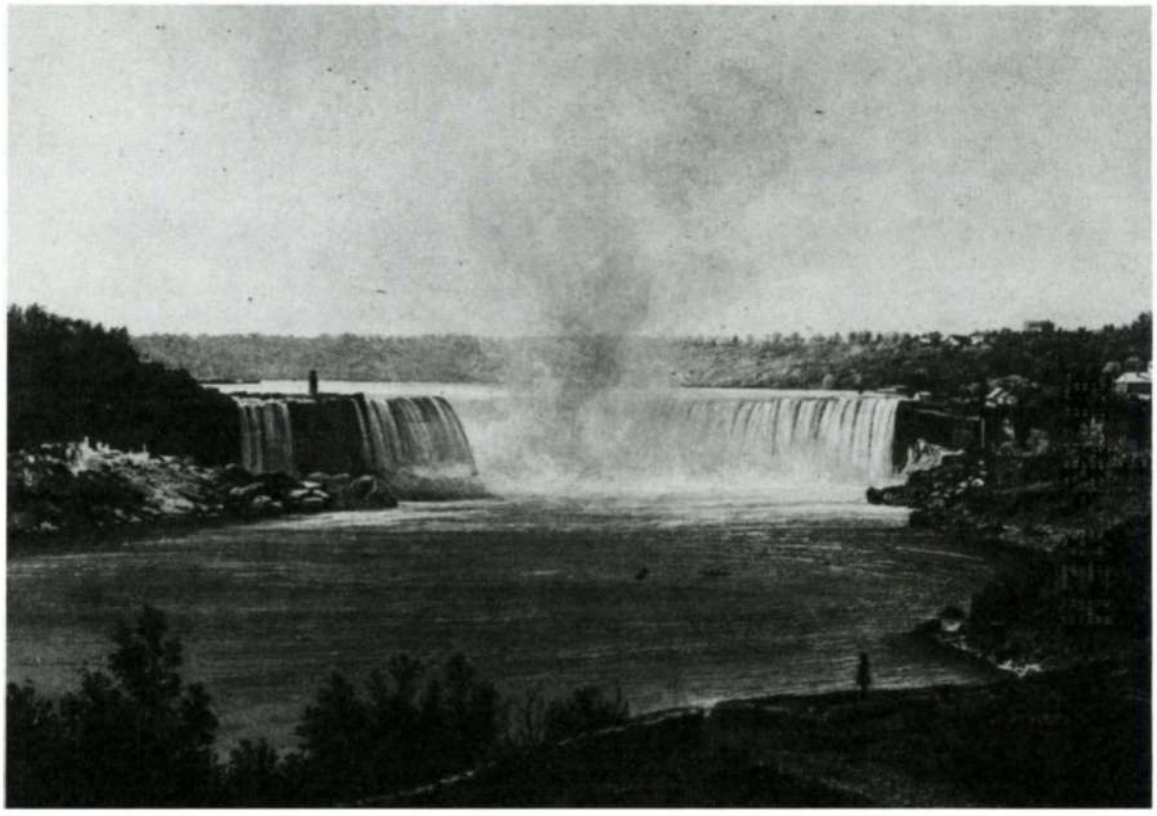
As to the first recorded use of the daguerreotype process in Canada, it was a view of Niagara Falls, one of many taken in mid-1840 by a visitor from England by the name of Hugh Lee Pattinson of Newcastle – upon – Tyne. If Pattinson's name is not a household word in the annals of North American photographic history, his view has fared much better, being recognized around the world as one of a well-known series of aquatint engravings which were based, for the most part, on daguerreotype views and published in Paris by an optician called Nicolas Marie Paymal Lerebours between 1840 and 1844. It was a work with the cumbersome title of *Excursions daguerreiennes, collection des vues des monuments anciens et modernes* and is considered to be the first travel book of its kind.

How Canada came to be involved in this publication is rather interesting. Shortly after Daguerre's disclosure in August 1839, Nicolas Lerebours was quick to capitalize on the excitement surrounding the daguerreotype by equipping wealthy "amateurs" with the necessary apparatus, usually of his own manufacture, in order that they might be some of the first in the world to try their hand at the process. Many of these photographic nimrods were world travellers and Lerebours hoped that the product of their new-found skill would form the foundation of his book.

One of the first of his "daguerreiennes" turned out to be a resident of Lower Canada, Pierre-Gustave Joly, the Seigneur of Lotbinière, who lived about forty miles up the St. Lawrence from Quebec, and who happened to be in Paris during the month of August and about to leave on a sojourn to the Mediterranean and the Mid-East. It is assumed that he received from Lerebours, for a price, the necessary equipment and some rudimentary instruction prior to his departure because at the end of August he was in Greece busily recording some of the well-known ruins and architecture around Athens. He is considered to be the first person in the world to do so. By November he was in Egypt where he had caught up with another one of Lerebours' "amateurs" in the field, the famous French artist Horace Vernet, and after some discussion they both continued their travels through the region

Title page of the "Magazine of Science" for 27 April 1839 featuring engraved facsimiles of "photogenic drawings" by George Francis.

Hugh Lee Pattinson.



George Eastman House of Photography

Niagara Falls from "Excursions daguerriennes ... " Paris, Lerebours, 1841.

"daguerreotyping away like lions", as one of them put it.

Despite the usual problems encountered by travellers to distant lands during the nineteenth century, Lotbinière recorded in his diary that he had taken over 35 plates with the daguerreotype, five of which were good enough to be included in the first volume of *Excursions.*

The aquatints produced from Lotbinière's daguerreotypes were the Propylaea at Athens, the Parthenon, Hyquetre, (which was an existing Egyptian temple at the first cataract of the Nile), the Moslem Cemetery at Damascus and the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. Some were included in Hector Horeau's *Panorama d'Egypte et de Nubie* the following year. Not much was heard about Lotbinière after his eventual return to Canada nor has any evidence turned up to indicate a continued interest in the daguerreotype. He was, however, acquainted with several daguerreotypists during his lifetime and a *carte de visite* likeness of himself was taken around 1860 by the famous studio of Matthew Brady of New York.

Pattinson, the British photographer of Niagara Falls, was a metallurgist, chemist, astronomer, mathematician and avid experimenter. He appears to have left Bristol aboard the *Great Eastern* on 19 October, 1839, and after a record-setting voyage of just over 14 days, arrived in New York on 2 November, around the same time as the *enfant terrible* of American photography, François Gouraud. Pattinson may have attended one of Gouraud's demonstrations. Shortly after Pattinson's arrival in the United States he travelled to one of the "southern states" where he remained for a short period before visiting relatives who were living in Chatham, Upper Canada, an area they described in their letters home as "the far west".

When Pattinson took his famous view of Niagara Falls, he did so from the terrace of Clifton House, one of the hotels on the Canadian side of the Niagara River. As to his plate, as copied in an aquatint engraving by an artist in the employ of Lerebours, it depicts not only Niagara Falls, but the countryside on either side.

Interesting to note is a figure walking along the escarpment on the right hand side of the view, something that would have been beyond the ability of Pattinson's modified camera obscura to record. This "special effect" was created by an engraver in the employ of Lerebours after the body of the view had been copied, a technique that had been in use since the middle ages to "liven up" a scene. After Pattinson returned to England he disclosed that he had attempted to take between 60 and 70 views of the area. Unfortunately, many of the silver-coated copper plates he acquired in New York City after he arrived in North America turned out to be defective and

it is not really known how many may be extant today.

After his arrival home he took a view of Ravensworth Castle in Yorkshire, which makes him a rather early daguerreoptypist in Great Britain as well. In any case, Pattinson's plate in Lerebours' "Excursions" not only represents the first recorded image based upon the daguerreotype process taken in Canada, but the first "photograph" in the world of Niagara Falls.

One individual who can probably be called the first industrial daguerreotypist to work in Canada was an American who became part of a surveying team that was assembled in 1840 to verify the international border between Maine and Canada.

The survey was taken along the St. Croix River region in western New Brunswick and formed the basis of the Ashburton Treaty that was eventually signed in 1842. The party in question was Edward Anthony who had taught himself the use of the daguerreotype process after attending one of François Gouraud's demonstrations in New York City during the winter of 1840. Because the area in dispute was *terra incognita* as far as the American government was concerned, the commissioners ordered that a visual record be kept while the survey was in progress and Anthony was chosen to accomplish this task with his daguerreotype apparatus. He is documented as having arrived in Bangor, Maine, around the third week of August 1840 and shortly thereafter he apparently set out for the survey area. For whatever reason, he neglected to bring along a tripod with his apparatus on the first trip and while in the bush had to rely on natural stands for his camera such as large rocks and stumps. He also seems to have ventured somewhat afield during his commission because he visited Riviere du Loup, about 116 miles below Quebec City, where he took a number of daguerreoptype views in the immediate area. Although the survey took two years to complete, after one of his frequent trips back to the United States he had sepia drawings made of these topographical views and the collection was deposited in the State Department Archives in Washington where they remain today.

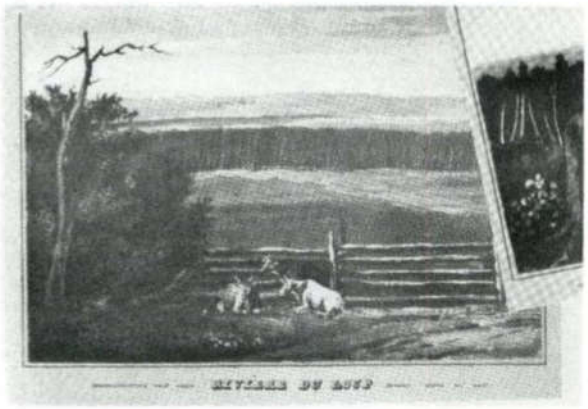
Because of the long exposure times initially, the first daguerreotypes taken in Canada, as elsewhere, were primarily used for taking images of inanimate objects. Indeed, it was said that even Daguerre wondered if his process would ever be applied to portraiture. Nevertheless, this didn't stop some commercially-minded individuals from getting a jump on existing technology soon after his disclosure by advertising that they were able to take likenesses "in just a few minutes", or even "seconds". In addition to being in an outdoor setting, usually a marquee in bright sunlight and with the aid of reflectors, these early portraits could take up to 20 minutes or more. As a matter of fact, some early practitioners began a new industry around long exposure times by advertising they were willing to take portraits of "sick or recently deceased persons".

As to the first attempt at commercial portraiture in this country, it seems to have begun in Lower Canada by a newly-established partnership of Halsey and Sadd from New York who visited Montreal during the middle of September 1840.

Despite the overcast skies that prevailed throughout most of their brief stay in the provincial capital, the first week was ideal for what they had in mind. The editor of the *Quebec Mercury* stated on 10 October that they had been "extremely fortunate in being favoured with the clear weather and bright sun since their arrival here. They have been enabled, every day, to take a number of miniatures by this process, by which the likenesses are wonderfully accurate". Although we don't know the names of all the individuals who agreed to undergo the ordeal of staring into bright sunlight for an indeterminate period during that break in the weather, a daguerreotype portrait that recently turned up in a private collection in the province of Quebec was probably one those taken at the time.

The subject of this particular specimen was in life Helena Burroughs, a 16-year-old member of a prominent Quebec family residing on Haldimand Street in Upper Town during the visit of Halsey and Sadd and whose portrait was identified early in this century by her nephew while researching his family history. Helena, the youngest daughter of Stephen Burroughs and his second wife, Nancy Ann Willey, was born in Trois Rivieres, on 28 December 1824 and was baptized two weeks later in Drummondville on 13 January 1825. She seems to have attended school in Trois Rivieres and eventually was the only member of the family living at home at the time of her father's death, which occurred on 22 January 1840. Because Helena was legally a minor, she took up residence in Quebec City with her brother and his family. On 2 June 1841 she died of an unknown illness at the age of 17.

As to the condition of the daguerreotype plate that escaped the fate of so many others from that period, there is some peripheral darkening, chemical spotting and several contemporary dark stains that have run a



Drawing based on the daguerreotypes taken at Riviere du Loup by Edward Anthony, deposited in the State Department Archives at Washington, D.C., 1842.

McCord Museum, Montreal

Portrait of Helena Burroughs by Halsey and Sadd, 1840.

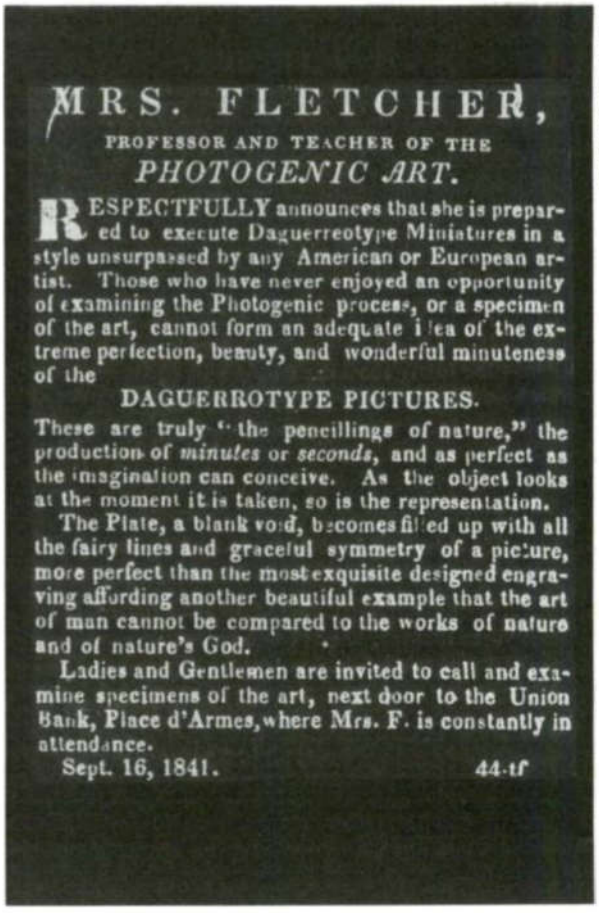
short distance from the edges of the plate. As some occur over part of the completed image they may be the result of improper rinsing and drying after the portrait had been taken. Despite the condition of the plate, there is no doubt that this specimen is from the above-mentioned period and the earliest identified daguerreotype portrait that has yet turned up in Canada.

Another individual who might in future join the elite membership of the 1840 club of daguerreotypy in Canada would be a "Mrs. Fletcher". Although there seems little doubt that she was the first of many women to be associated commercially with the process in Canada, there is also a strong possibility that she was the first female daguerreotypist in North America.

According to available records her known activity took place between 10 August and 5 October, 1841 in both Quebec City and Montreal, Lower Canada. Although no specific link of her name with the process has been found in the Maritime Provinces, she spent some time travelling in the region prior to her activity in Quebec City. After her arrival on 5 August 1841 from Pictou, Nova Scotia, she offered to teach the process to "ladies" and informed prospective pupils it was "a most useful invention by which she has herself realized a most handsome income". Her presence in the Maritime Provinces was noted because she usually accompanied her husband, John Fletcher, a popular phrenological lecturer from London who had taken up temporary residence in Massachusetts in 1838 and had begun visiting New Brunswick in 1840. During his first talk on phrenology at the Mechanic's Institute in Saint John, he exhibited an "oxy-hydrogen" microscope, the type that was used to record microscopic specimens at the Royal Adelaide Gallery in London the previous year with the addition of the newly-disclosed process of M. Louis Daguerre of Paris.

Regarding Mrs. Fletcher's credentials as the first woman known to work with the process in North America, a manuscript letter turned up recently in a private American collection which was written later in life by a noted Boston daguerreotypist, Albert Sands Southworth. He decided to put on paper some of his reminiscences from the time when he became interested in daguerreotypes after a demonstration in March 1840 at the Tremont House in Boston given by François Gouraud. After naming several people, like himself, who began to try their hand at the process, he remarked in his brief memoir that "Mrs. Fletcher was experimenting at Cambridgeport."

As to just when she first became involved with the "mirror with a memory" and the "pencillings of nature" — descriptions of the process she used in her advertising



MRS. FLETCHER,

PROFESSOR AND TEACHER OF THE

PHOTOGENIC ART.

RESPECTFULLY announces that she is prepared to execute Daguerreotype Miniatures in a style unsurpassed by any American or European artist. Those who have never enjoyed an opportunity of examining the Photogenic process, or a specimen of the art, cannot form an adequate idea of the extreme perfection, beauty, and wonderful minuteness of the

DAGUERROTYPE PICTURES.

These are truly "the pencillings of nature," the production of *minutes* or *seconds*, and as perfect as the imagination can conceive. As the object looks at the moment it is taken, so is the representation.

The Plate, a blank void, becomes filled up with all the fairy lines and graceful symmetry of a picture, more perfect than the most exquisite designed engraving affording another beautiful example that the art of man cannot be compared to the works of nature and of nature's God.

Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and examine specimens of the art, next door to the Union Bank, Place d'Armes, where Mrs. F. is constantly in attendance.

Sept. 16, 1841. 44-tf

McCord Museum, Montreal

is unknown at present, however, after one of her husband's clients had paid for an examination of their cranium they were then given a phrenological booklet that he had originally published in 1838 with the curious Shakespearian title of *The Mirror of Nature*.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Fletcher's early activity in Quebec City with the daguerreotype process, she was preceded by another individual in the field, a French-speaking artist of Polish origin whose first advertisement for likenesses was inserted in the *Quebec Mercury* on 12 June 1841. Despite the fact his identity was kept from the public, he was lionized by local journalists after mentioning he was "one of Daguerre's students" who had "just left Paris March 28." He remained in Canada for several years and among the many stories that were in circulation pertaining to his background during this period was that he was a member of the Polish aristocracy whose parents had fallen during the uprising in Varsovie, (Warsaw), in 1831-32, and he was able to escape to Paris at a young age with the aid of relatives.

This editor went even further by stating he was "*deja connu par le monde pour un des plus celebres litographes qui existe* [*sic*]". Another had told his readers that he "is engaged, we understand, to take a series of the most beautiful landscapes in the Country by means of the Daguerreotype, for publication in Paris".

Despite the esteem in which he was held by certain members of the press, his name was actually Charles Severin, a.k.a. Seweryn, Severyn. In addition, there appears to be no link of his name to Daguerre nor to the daguerreotype in France and it might be possible that he was taught the process elsewhere, possibly in the United States. In 1845 he gave up on trying to make a living with the daguerreotype in Canada and freelanced as a lithographer in New York, producing artwork periodically for such firms as Nathaniel Currier (later Currier & Ives), until the late 1860s.

Surprisingly, with all the publicity he received after his arrival in 1841, Severin didn't stay around very long in Quebec City and by the end of that month had left for Montreal, where he set up a marquee in the "Pleasure Gardens" (Champs de Mars) at the corner of Sanguinet and St. Louis Streets during the second week of July.

His departure occurred about a month before the arrival of Mrs. Fletcher, who mentioned in her first ad that she was prepared to execute "Daguerreotype Miniatures in a style unsurpassed by any American or European Artist ... ", which may have been not only a parting shot at Severin, but a reference to individuals from south of the border who were becoming increasingly active in the Canadas that year.

Several had already made their way to the more-populated centres in the country and among the first commercial portraitists to make their appearance in Upper Canada were Ramsay and Ford of New York who took out an advertisement on 22 May 1841 in Kingston. The

McCord Museum, Montreal

Unidentified portrait of a woman, circa 1840-43. Probably made in Lower Canada by an unknown photographer.

senior partner may have been the artist James Ramsay of London, England. Like Henry Sadd in Quebec the year before, he was a member of the Society of British Artists and may have also arrived in New York in late 1839. The pair remained in the provincial capital of Upper Canada for the better part of the summer where they operated from a marquee tent set up in the yard of the local court house, their ads informing the local gentry that the "applicant is required to sit for one to three minutes".

In Toronto, another individual like Severin who chose to have his identity kept discreet opened a studio at the corner of Newgate and Upper George Street at the end of July after arriving from New York. During an interview shortly afterwards he gave his name to one newspaper editor as Palin, one of the many variations he used over the years such as Palen, Palan, Parlin and Paulin, although his real name was Richard A. Pauling, an artist and portrait painter whose family was from Collingwood, Upper Canada. Two months before his arrival in Toronto, Pauling had exhibited a number of paintings at the National Academy of Design in New York, presumably the locale where he acquired the knowledge of the daguerreotype process. Even though he continued to exhibit artwork in New York until 1856, he was also active as a daguerreotypist during this period in the Canadas, and later operated a photographic studio in Hamilton beginning in 1861.

He made the claim in his first ad in 1841 that he was able, "by a much-improved method to take portraits in just a few seconds", which, despite chemical accelerators that were just being introduced by daguerreian artists in the United States, was public relations taken a bit far. Like Ramsay and Ford in Kingston, he appears to have returned to New York several times later that summer, indicating that business may have been brisk and it became necessary to replenish his stock.

Another individual who advertised just prior to Pauling in Toronto was a "Mr. Finch of New York". He arrived during the first week of July and shortly afterwards was visited at the Wellington Buildings on King Street by Hugh Scobie, editor and publisher of the *British Colonist*, who seems to have spent more space praising the process than the artist. Scobie was a patron of the arts and along with a prominent miniaturist by the name of Hoppner Meyer, is credited with the introduction of engraved portraiture into Upper Canada. Like other artists of the day, Meyer used the camera obscura as an aid in his studio and was the first individual to win an award for "coloured photographs" at the Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition in 1855. Unlike others, Scobie himself appears to have waited until 1845 to have his likeness daguerreotyped, even though he sat for many of the painted variety during this period.

On 8 February 1841 William H. Fox Talbot submitted a patent application in London for his invention which he referred to as the "Calotype Photographic Process", a forerunner of the modern negative/positive process. Despite the fact that his process was really the true forerunner of modern photography in many respects, the image it produced was at the time considered "fuzzy" and few individuals rushed out to obtain a licence. Nevertheless, Talbot kept a sharp quill for those whom he felt had infringed upon his patent, even using legal intimidation against anyone who attempted to bring new processes before the public to protect his own commercial interests. Although there seemed to be no lack of "amateurs" in Canada who continued to experiment with various sensitized paper formulas, the first commercial studio in this country to show any interest in "Talbotypes", as they were referred to in 1842, was that of a Montreal artist Thomas Coffin Doane who began to advertise the process in 1848.

Because of the many improvements to methods and apparatus that were beginning to make their appearance towards the latter part of 1841, exposure times were finally being reduced to the point where a sitting, if not exactly a pleasure, was not as excruciating as it had been. In addition, the daguerreotype with its sharper image than the calotype became the bread-and-butter item of portrait studios and held a near-monopoly in Canada for over a decade beginning in 1841, its decline coming about when other new ideas were introduced to the market, notably the "collodion process" on glass invented in 1851 by Thomas Scott Archer of London, later dubbed, in America, the "ambrotype".

Notwithstanding the daguerreotype's later successes, there is no evidence of activity by British North Americans initially, at least not in any overt way, even though the complete knowledge of what was required to create these images was available to the whole world by the end of 1839. In addition to the cost factor, a large part of the problem was, of course, Daguerre's patent.

The result of all this commercial manipulation allowed "nationals" of other countries and "residents" of the United States in particular to get around the conditions of the patent and use the process without fear of prosecution. It must have occurred to those in various legal jurisdictions in British North America that it was absurd to respect the terms of a foreign patent that was not only discriminatory, but extremely difficult to enforce.

One individual who decided to test the legal waters was a prominent British-born artist and resident of Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the name of William Valentine. After receiving instruction in the United States he placed an advertisement for daguerreian portraiture on 15 November 1841 in Saint John, New Brunswick, under his own name, and continued in the field until his death on 26 December 1849 without ever being legally challenged over infringement. Whether Valentine took this action by design or out of bravado is not known. It was a significant step because Daguerre's patent, which technically had a 14-year lifetime beginning in 1839, was ignored from that point onwards in British North America.

As to William H. Fox Talbot, his hold over photographic freedom and progress came to an end when a lawsuit he instigated was successfully rebuffed in the courts in 1854 by a gallery owner of Oxford Street, London. During this landmark case Talbot wrongly claimed that the ambrotype was really his own process in which glass had been substituted for sensitized paper. After experts had testified the chemical components of the ambrotype process had little to do with his own, the case was dismissed, although as a sop to Talbot he was recognized as the true inventor of the calotype. This forgotten individual who had the temerity to stand up to Talbot and do away with this type of restriction in photography was another British North American, one W.H. Silvester-Laroche from Lower Canada. ◆

Graham W. Garrett, who lives in Willowdale, Ontario, is an independent writer-researcher on historical subjects.

The Great Tycoon

By Jeremy Mouat

On 26 January 1904, Whitaker Wright committed suicide in London, in a consultation room adjacent to the High Court of Justice. Minutes earlier, a special jury of the King's Bench Division had found Wright guilty of fraud and the judge had given him the stiffest sentence possible, seven years in prison. According to one account, Wright exclaimed bitterly, "This is British justice!" Rather than serve his time, he poisoned himself by swallowing cyanide. Court officials discovered a loaded pistol in Wright's pocket.

Newspapers around the world described Wright's death on their front pages. The story in the *New York Times* was typical:

> The career of this man, who was known on three continents for his stupendous financial operations, closed in a startling tragedy. Even in his life, which, with his rise from poverty to enormous wealth, was full of dramatic incidents, there was nothing that could compare with the manner of his death. All London tonight is thrilled with the news of it. No such human tragedy has been enacted in England for many a year.

Others took a darker view: Wright, declared the editor of the *Victoria Daily Times,* was "one of the most selfish specimens of the human species." The *Illustrated London News* carried a full page sketch showing Wright in the crowded court room, receiving his sentence from the judge. The caption described the case as "The Most Dramatic Trial of Modern Times"—"One of the gloomiest and most sensational dramas of modern finance," echoed another prominent British periodical. Such was the newsworthiness of Wright's life and death that virtually every English-language periodical in the world commented on the case. But 91 years later, hardly anyone remembers Wright.

Wright specialised in promoting mines on the London Stock Exchange and at the time of his death he had been speculating on stock exchanges in North America and Britain for a quarter of a century, perhaps longer. His career is open to various interpretations. To some contemporaries, it was one of incredible luck and ambition. Born into a working-class family in England's industrial North, Wright rose to take his place among the very wealthiest of Britain's elite. The less charitable viewed his story as one of deception and cunning, one which ended on a sombre if not wholly unexpected note. After bilking an innocent public of millions, the fraudster admitted his crime by ending his own life. Another and less judgemental reading of Wright's life sees his meteoric career as illustrative of a number of speculative financiers who rose to prominence in the late nineteenth century. By the first years of this century, modern business methods had made it increasingly difficult for people like Wright to float company after company on the London Stock Exchange.

If Wright and others like him were unusual business people, they nevertheless had a very real impact on the industries and regions in which they became involved. And in the late 1890s Wright seemed to be everywhere: he dabbled in mines around the world, notably in Australia and Western Canada, acquiring copper, silver, lead, nickel, and gold properties. By the time of his death he had diversified his investments to include one of London's underground railways (the Bakerloo line). His career began in the American West during the late 1870s; later his companies would own mines in Australia,

'The career of this man, who was known on three continents for his stupendous financial operations, closed in a startling tragedy' — *New York Times*

Whitaker Wright addresses the shareholders of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. From "The British Columbia Review", 12 January, 1901.

British Columbia, New Guinea, and New Zealand.

For a few brief years, Wright's success and wealth appeared boundless. One of London's most prominent financiers recalled in his memoirs how "it was thought that everything he touched would turn to gold"; another remembered a guessing game over lunch at the turn of the century, when he and his companions tried to name the wealthiest person in the world. Their candidates were Carnegie, Rockefeller, Rhodes, and Wright. Wright attracted considerable attention not only as a business person but also as a figure in society. His country estate was the stuff of legend, reputedly the most lavish private residence in the world. It boasted a private theatre, an observatory, a stable of fifty horses, and — in an ostentatious flourish — a glass dome underneath a sizable artificial lake. Like other affluent people, Wright discovered the joys of messing about in boats, although even by the standards of the wealthy his steam-powered yacht, the one thousand ton *Sybarita,* was a notable extravagance. Little wonder that he attracted the attention of two contemporary novelists — H.G. Wells and the American, Harold Frederic — both of whom wrote books based on his life.

Wright was born in Stafford, in the English Midlands, in 1846. His father, the son of a brickmaker, went to work in a factory at a young age. After his death, a church publication provided a glowing account of his devotion to the Christian faith:

> The long hours of the factory demanding all his time, from early morn to late at night, he had but little time in the week day for self-culture. Still, intent on moral and intellectual improvement, he carefully economised the little time at command, and willingly gave up even the early hours of the Sabbath to this important purpose. Allied to a class of young men like-minded with himself, he punctually attended at four o'oclock on a Sunday morning the place appointed for Scripture reading and other religious exercises designed to mature their piety and prepare them for usefulness.

At the age of 23, the hard-working and disciplined James Wright became a Methodist minister. Five years later, in 1845, he married Matilda Whitaker, the daughter of a tailor. Both Matilda and James were born and lived in Macclesfield, a town renowned for its silk weaving. Their son remembered only that he had not been well provided for after his father's death. In 1903 Whitaker Wright told a journalist how his father had died in 1866 when he was 21, "leaving nothing except a small annuity for my mother." Wright decided to go to the United States to make a new life for himself.

Wright was being economical with the truth. Methodist records reveal that as a young man Wright was — like his father — a Methodist minister. He did not stay one for long, however: he resigned in 1868, pleading ill-health. This was two years after he supposedly emigrated to the U.S. His father did not die until several years later, in 1870.

Wright's activities during the 1870s are largely a mystery. He did emigrate to the United States and apparently made a name for himself speculating in Pennsylvania oil. Then in late 1879 he moved west, to the booming mining town of Leadville in Colorado. Papers there described him as the representative of Philadelphia capitalists, on the lookout for promising mining properties. Wright purchased a series of claims adjoining a famous Leadville mine and in early 1880 these were amalgamated as the Denver City Consolidated Silver Mining Company. As president of the new company, Wright spent a good deal of money over the next few years, developing the mine and installing elaborate equipment. A local newspaper noted that this expenditure "elicited at the time much unfavorable comment, as being the height of extravagance, etc." Very little ore was ever brought to the surface and investors likely rued the day that they bought their shares. These had a par value of ten dollars, but by the late 1880s they were being traded at ten to twenty cents.

By this time Wright had moved on. With other

Leadville business people, in the early 1880s he became interested in New Mexico's silver mines. He formed a series of companies to tap the silver wealth of Lake Valley, southwest of Albuquerque. Luck was with him this time: not long after organizing these companies, miners uncovered a spectacularly rich silver deposit — according to some, the richest ever found — at Wright's Sierra Grande mine. The property soon enjoyed widespread publicity. The curious flocked to see the mine and fortunately an account from one such visitor has survived. This person — an experienced miner — described in a letter the mine's wondrous deposit, known as "the Bridal Chamber". He was much impressed ("I have before seen nothing like it by which I could judge of its merits"), although he shrewdly concluded that such a rich deposit would not likely prove to be extensive. And he foresaw the opportunity that Wright was to exploit to the hilt: "there is Millions in it for speculation."

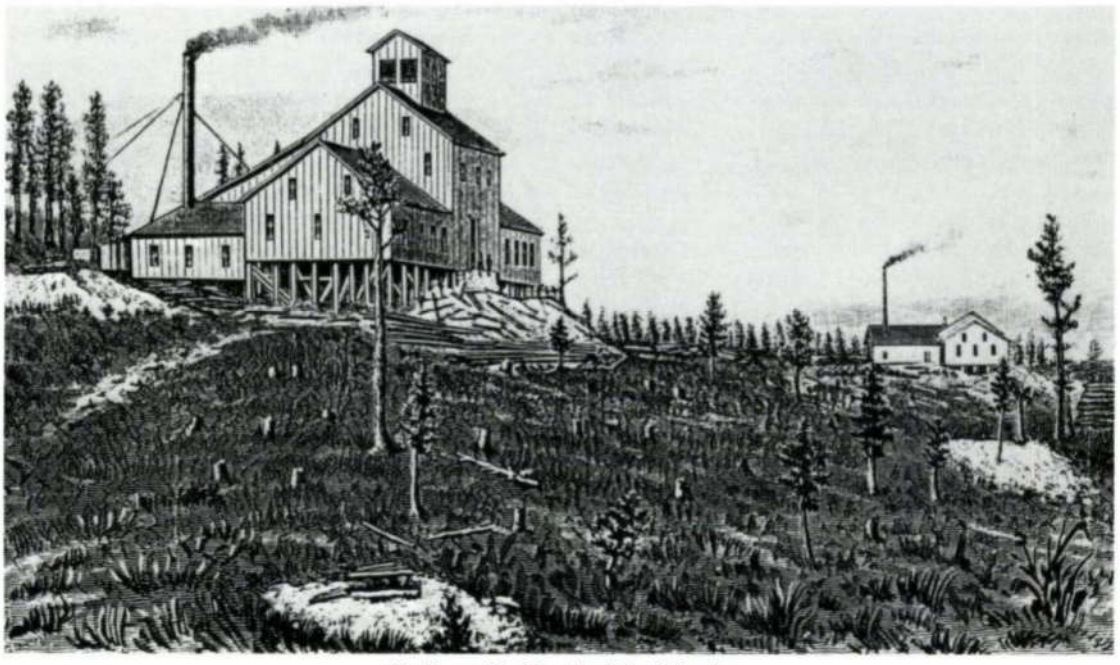
A bizarre coincidence accompanied the discovery of the Bridal Chamber. The American government had not yet subjugated the Apaches, and native raiding parties occasionally travelled through the area around Lake Valley. The miners were greatly agitated when news came that Apaches had attacked a nearby family of settlers. Although in fact no violence had occurred — and the most credible account has the subsequent chain of events beginning as an argument between drunks in a saloon — rumour and indignation caused a hastily assembled column of troops and miners to march off to avenge the "attack". They made the fatal error of trailing the Apaches up a blind canyon, right into a deadly ambush. Wright's mine manager was among these men and was killed in the ambush. Wright later described what happened next:

> Just as the body of my superintendent was being brought into his bungalow in the camp a body of ore was penetrated which ran $10,000 to the ton, and enabled us to pay dividends of $100,000 a month for a long time.

Although more improbable than most of Wright's memoirs, his account is corroborated by others.

The Sierra Grande Mining Company did pay shareholders dividends of $100,000 a month but the phrase "a long time" is something of an exaggeration; in fact, it paid dividends for precisely five months. But that was enough: the public was in a gambling mood and Wright was more than happy to provide them with a vehicle for speculation. "There was great excitement prevailing," one critic later recalled:

> The Lake Valley mines of New Mexico were being floated by the late Whitaker Wright, operating from Philadelphia. The stocks were being boomed by inexperienced Eastern brokers ... During that craze, the manipulations of value were the bait, misquoted experts' reports, etc. The Leadville boom was on and silver mining was just crossing the line of commercialism. If there were years of dishonour, from 1880 to 1884 we may class that period as the crown of them all. The people were told that the ore bodies were unlimited, that the values increased with depth



The Denver City Mine, Leadville, Colorado.

and that millions would positively result from mines, that, even to this day, are non-commercial.

At the time, however, people were confident that the mines would make them wealthy. Thus when a well-placed Philadelphia businessman handed the poet Walt Whitman 200 shares in the Sierra Grande early in 1883, the act was one of considerable generosity. Given the high hopes many held for the mine, and in consideration of his advancing years, the poet insisted that the shares be returned to the donor after his death, a stipulation Whitman carefully recorded in his journal.

Despite the fond hopes of shareholders, New Mexico's silver wealth soon dissipated and few people received much in return for their investments. Those with money in the Sierra Grande blamed the company directors for the mine's difficulties and in the summer of 1883 Wright and his associates were ousted from the board. Success, however, proved elusive and even with F.W. Taylor — destined for fame as the "father of scientific management" — as assistant general manager, the mining company failed to operate at a profit. When the price of silver fell in 1893 the mine shut down for good, after nearly a decade of desultory operation.

Wright had profited considerably from his promotions in Colorado and New Mexico but by the end of the 1880s, he was finding life in Philadelphia a little uncomfortable. Wright decided that the time had come to return to England, with his American-born wife and their three children.

Wright's first years in London were not particularly successful. He launched one mining company in 1891 but, as the *Financial Times* later put it, "this enterprise gained little market or public attention, and procured for him neither much profit nor celebrity." Three years later, however, the discovery of the rich Coolgardie goldfield in West Australia coincided with a speculative boom on the London Stock Exchange. The time was ripe for someone with Wright's particular skills and he was never one to let opportunity pass him by. Over the next six years, British investors heard a good deal about Whitaker Wright.

Wright's first substantial success in England was with the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, a company he launched in September 1894. It established a pattern that he followed with his numerous other companies. The most striking feature was the prominent names joining Wright on the Board of Directors, adding lustre and a semblance of probity to the business at hand. General the Honourable Somerset John Gough-Calthorpe was one such figure: he was a particular friend of Queen Victoria's, according to his obituary. Another was Lord Edward William Pelham-Clinton, younger brother of the Duke of Newcastle. Pelham-Clinton — Master of the Queen's Household and Deputy-Governor of Windsor Castle — may have been a little short of cash or perhaps was just living rather beyond his means. Wright allegedly gave him the equivalent of $25,000 to persuade another peer (Lord Loch, formerly a governor of several overseas colonies, including South Africa) to become a director in several of Wright's companies. Loch and Pelham-Clinton then received $50,000 for landing a prize catch, the former Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin. Dufferin was to head two of Wright's most successful — and later notorious — companies, the London and Globe Finance Corporation and the British America Corporation.

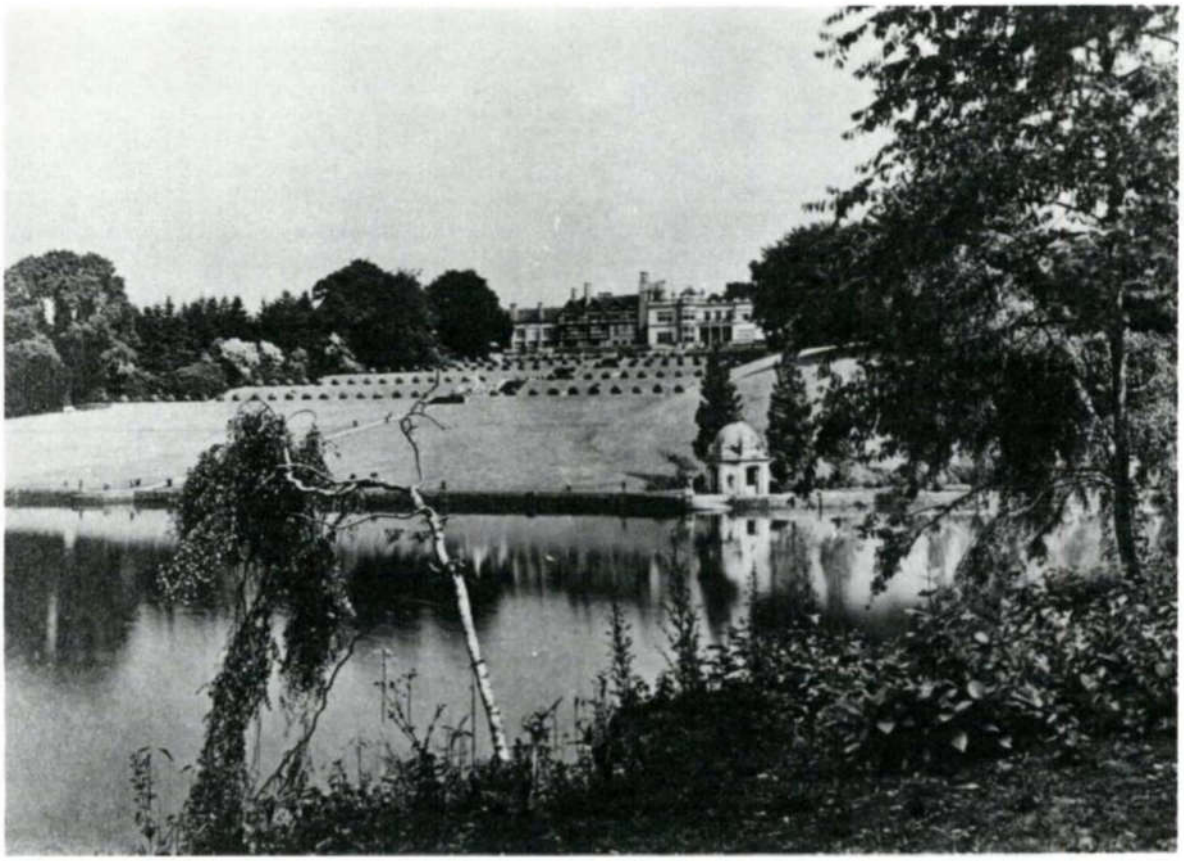
Wright launched the London and Globe Finance Corporation eight months after he had formed the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, and the name of the new company reflected Wright's ambitious plans. Both companies were capitalized at £200,000, then equivalent of one million dollars. Luck was with Wright, for a subsidiary company of the London and Globe, the Lake View Consols (the owner of a gold mine in West Australia), proved remarkably wealthy and showered dividends on its lucky shareholders. Wright was the man of the hour, the toast of the City. He seized his opportunity, liquidating the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation and the London and Globe Finance Corporation, and then in early 1897 brought out a new London and Globe Finance Corporation with a capital of £2 million ($10 million).

These were heady and optimistic days. Queen Victoria celebrated 60 years on the throne in 1897, pride in Empire was at its height, and gold was everywhere in her majesty's dominions: in South Africa, in West Australia and in the Klondike. Lord Dufferin, chairman of the new London and Globe Finance Corporation, epitomised service to Queen and Empire. Some nine thousand people owned shares in the company, and its interests and ambition expanded with the market.

The Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories, C.H. Mackintosh, came to Britain in 1897 to participate in Queen Victoria's Jubilee, along with many another prominent overseas official. An aggressive booster on behalf of Western Canada, during his visit to London Mackintosh was "dined and banqueted by the leading financial men in the city, the banquet being presided over by one of the Dominion's most popular Governors, the Marquis of Dufferin." Never a man for understatement, Mackintosh assured those at the banquet that

> Canada was on the eve of a boom hitherto unheard of in the country. I insisted, especially, that British capital should as much as possible be kept within the empire. You have tried South Africa and Australia, and now give Canada a chance.
>
> Lord Dufferin also uttered some glowing words for Canada and the result was that strong companies will be formed to develop British Columbia and Yukon gold deposits.

As a result of Mackintosh's efforts, the London and



Godalming Museum Trust Library

Wright's estate, Witley Park, near Godalming, Surrey, England.

Globe Finance Corporation brought out the British America Corporation in late 1897. The new company had a nominal capital of £1,500,000, although £500,000 in shares stayed with the London and Globe as the vendor's share. London and Globe shareholders quickly bought up the remaining £1,000,000 of the British America's shares.

British Columbia — the field of activity for the new corporation — was very much before the public eye in London. Newspapers published glowing accounts of the mineral resources of the province: "One cannot pick up a daily paper in London that does not contain a column concerning British Columbia," claimed one observer in the autumn of 1897, recently returned from Britain. Rossland, a mining town in the Kootenays, was the centre of much of this attention; "The New Johannesburg" exclaimed London's *Daily Mail*, "the greatest gold-copper mining camp on the face of the earth!" The British America Corporation determined to profit from such attention and it too set its sights on Rossland. Resigning his position as Lieutenant Governor, Mackintosh headed to the Kootenays to purchase mines for the new company. When shareholders of the British America Corporation gathered for their first meeting in January 1898, Wright read from a recent telegram sent by Mackintosh: "The British America Corporation has secured and holds the key to a majority of the golden treasure houses of British Columbia. We will practically control the mineral resources of this Province." Loud applause greeted the happy tidings. Others were able to control their enthusiasm. Even the optimistic *British Columbia Review*, a recently-formed British periodical "Devoted to the Mining & Commercial Interests of the Province," felt compelled to voice its disapproval. It dismissed the telegram as "unworthy of serious consideration" and later commented dryly that "of his many excellent social qualities we are well aware, but there is no mining man in Canada but would laugh at the idea of 'Charlie Mackintosh' having any idea of the value of an ore body."

By this time, the proliferation of company after company, so typical of Wright's operations, was beginning to attract critical comment. In any event, the buoyant market was bound to end sooner or later. Throughout the mid to late 1890s mining companies in various parts of the world — notably South Africa and West Australia — were among the most active issues on the London Stock Exchange. Thus, when war broke out in South Africa in late 1899, a market downturn was inevitable.

Wright and his companies faced several difficulties at the end of the century. The South African War deflated

Godalming Museum Trust Library

The palm house at Wright's Witley Park estate.

the share values of mining companies generally, but this was not the only problem. The Lake View — the West Australian gold mine which was Wright's most significant asset in the London & Globe stable of companies — lost value as rumours circulated about its imminent depletion. In addition, the most well-known British Columbia property that Mackintosh had acquired for the British America Corporation — Rossland's Le Roi mine — was not producing the dividends that might have compensated for the slumping Lake View. And Wright had also committed funds to building an underground railway in London, the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway. While this was perhaps the soundest investment made by the London and Globe, it was also one that called for substantial injections of capital, at a time when the company could least afford it. Wright was aware of the enormous pressures that his companies were under and in desperation he tried to maintain their liquidity by moving assets from one to another. That way, they could appear solvent for the purposes of annual reports. But this was simply a stopgap measure, not something that could ensure the companies' survival over the long term.

The crash came on the last day of trading of the nineteenth century. First the Lake View, and then the London and Globe, collapsed. It was all, as the headline in the *Pall Mall Gazette* put it, "A House of Cards". Thirteen Stock Exchange firms were bankrupted in the crash. "The last Settlement of the century has certainly terminated in a deplorable manner," observed a ponderous writer in *The Times*.

Over the next year, one after another of Wright's companies went into receivership. Lawsuits and investigations followed although for a time it seemed as if Wright himself was not going to be charged with anything more serious than recklessness. This did not sit well with those who had lost money in the collapse: they were furious when the government refused to lay charges against him. In January 1903 they formed a "London and Globe (Shareholders) Prosecution Committee," opened a fund to finance a private prosecution of Wright, and held an indignation meeting to vent their frustration. One speaker angrily claimed that he and the other London and Globe shareholders were "victims of one of the most heartless and gigantic swindles that this age had known." This view was shared by others: a number of British newspapers, including *The Times*, agreed that Wright should be called to account for his actions in a court of law. Pressure mounted on the British government in February 1903, during a debate in the House of Commons. Members of the opposition moved an amendment to the Address in Reply to the King's Speech, adding an expression of regret that "no prosecution has been instituted against the directors of the London and Globe Finance Corporation." The government was aware of growing public sentiment against Wright and — while adamantly refusing to reverse its decision — was careful to distance itself from what Prime Minister Arthur Balfour described as "the very scandalous and painful case of Mr. Whitaker Wright." One of the most vociferous advocates for Wright's prosecution, Arnold White, an author and leading proponent of "National Efficiency," declared that Wright was being protected by those close to the Royal Family.

Whatever the truth of such claims, time and luck were running out for Wright. In March 1903, angry London and Globe shareholders were able to persuade a judge that Wright's prosecution ought to proceed. Wright slipped out of the country and the police obtained a warrant for his arrest. Wright was in France briefly and then landed in New York on 15 March 1903. The New York police were waiting and placed him under arrest. The days of glory had come to an end.

Wright spent the next four months in New York — in Ludlow Street Jail — fighting extradition. His health deteriorated and after an unsuccessful appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court he decided to return to Britain. He landed in Liverpool on 4 August and went on to London. Several days later he was finally free on bail but his days of freedom were few.

Wright was charged with fraud. The prosecution alleged that he had falsified the balance sheets of the London and Globe Finance Corporation with the intent to

defraud shareholders. His lawyer argued that the critical issue was motive or intent; granted, Wright may have been a trifle careless with his accounting but he had never sought to defraud shareholders. Quite the opposite: he had been trying to protect them and all of Wright's energies had been devoted to bolstering the share values of his various companies. Such arguments fell on deaf ears; certainly the judge's sympathies were never in question.

The jury took an hour to arrive at a verdict of guilty. In passing sentence, the judge announced that he could not conceive of a worse case than Wright's and handed down the maximum penalty of seven years in prison. Wright stared back at the judge and said curtly, "All I can say is I am as innocent of any attempt to deceive as anyone in Court." Wright went into a consultation room off the Court, to discuss arrangements with his lawyers. They talked for a while, Wright keeping warm by the fireplace and enjoying a glass of whisky and a cigar. He then excused himself. He appeared a little unsteady when he returned from the washroom, then stumbled and fell. A doctor was called but nothing could be done; he was dead within 25 minutes. An autopsy revealed that Wright had taken enough cyanide to ensure that he would never have to serve his sentence.

And so we are back where this article began. After Wright's death, the newspapers and journals pontificated at length and few were charitable. One of the more compassionate comments came from the editor of *The Observer:* "Well, the law has avenged the shareholders of the London and Globe on their late managing director; but, after all, it is an ugly business." In Canada, most papers simply carried the Associated Press story on their front pages. Only in Rossland, site of Wright's Canadian investments, was he remembered fondly. Rossland's *Evening World* recalled how the purchases of Wright's British America Corporation gave the town "a new lease of life" in late 1897:

> *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* said the old Romans, and it certainly would not be the position of a Rossland newspaper to speak anything but good of the man who has filled so large a place in our annals ... Rossland has no kick coming on Whitaker Wright whatever may have been his misdeeds ... He deserved a better fate.

Wright's career had an impact on the international mining industry for his well-publicized failure brought speculative mining investments into disrepute. The British were to remain cautious about such ventures — particularly Canadian ones — for years. "At one time in our history," recalled Canada's leading mining journal over thirty years later, "British Columbia could have commanded almost unlimited capital ... but one scandal after another caused our ostracization. Even today in London the Le Roi fiasco is still remembered."

Still, some people did benefit from Wright's downfall. A youthful American mining engineer, working out of London, went down to Australia to try and salvage something from the wreckage of Wright's companies there. The trip was an auspicious one for this individual, the beginning of what was to prove an illustrious career. The American's name was Herbert Hoover, later president of the United States. ◆

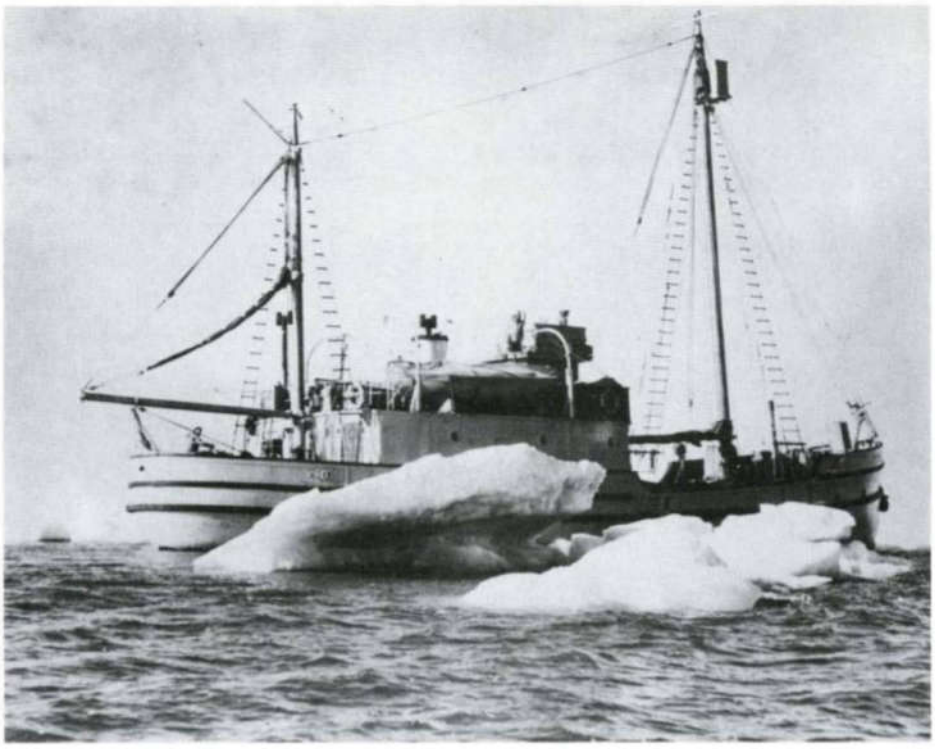
Jeremy Mouat teaches history at Athabasca University, Canada's open university. He is the author of "Roaring Days: Rossland's Mines and the History of British Columbia", University of British Columbia Press, 1995.

Caesar's Palace

Harold Nicolson observed in his 1937 book *Helen's Tower* that on his country estate "Wright had revived the luxuries and the enterprise of the Roman Emperors":

> He moved mountains, he transplanted orchards, he made valleys blossom where not the slightest declivity had existed before. He possessed a private observatory, a private theatre, a private velodrome, a private hospital. His stables contained no less than 50 horses, each one of which was accommodated in a separate cubicle, the ceilings of which were decorated with plaster representations of the chase and equipped with the electric light. In the centre of this stable was a luxury lounge complete with palm trees and leather sofas. There was a subterranean grotto off one of the lakes, illumined by coloured lights, through which (as if at Capri) the guests would be rowed by Italian boatmen. Mr. Wright much enjoyed the game of billiards, and caused a special billiard room to be constructed at the bottom of the lake. Through the glass window, which was illumined by powerful electric bulbs, the players could observe the great eyes of ancient carp (specially transported from Azay le Rideau) silently watching their prowess or their inefficiency. And, during August, the papers were filled with the exploits of his yacht, the *Sybarita,* which had defeated the *Meteor* of the German Emperor before the aloof but admiring gaze of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The mansion burned down under rather suspicious circumstances in the early 1950s but several other features, such as the stables and various outbuildings, remain.



The Last Voyages Of The 'St. Roch'

By J. Lewis Robinson

The exploits of the RCMP schooner *St. Roch* as the first ship to pass through the Northwest Passage from east to west in a single season 50 years ago are well-known in Canadian history. Previous to that epic voyage, in 1940-42, the police patrol vessel had been the first ship to conquer the Northwest Passage through Canada's Arctic Islands from west to east. But little has been written about the "normal", day-to-day work and navigation problems of the RCMP and its supply ship in the few years following these historic voyages.

From 1928 to 1944, the St. Roch spent ten winters ice-bound in some Western Arctic harbour as a "floating" police detachment. For example, the *St. Roch* was frozen into the harbour ice at Tree River for four winters, 1930-34, and the police-crew patrolled by dog-team to the small settlements around Coronation and Amundsen gulfs during the winters, and brought supplies to the scattered police posts during the summers. In the winters of 1935-37 and 1938-39, the police detachment was based at Cambridge Bay. Occasionally, the *St. Roch* was brought out of the Arctic, around Alaska, to be refitted or repaired in Vancouver or Victoria, B.C. Throughout these years, the *St. Roch* was skippered by Captain, later Inspector, Henry A. Larsen.

Following the notable Northwest Passage achievement from Halifax to Vancouver in 1944, the *St. Roch* and its police-crew were back in the Western Arctic during the short summer of 1945. It was "business as usual" as supplies were delivered to the regional police posts. The ship was then prepared for wintering at Cambridge Bay. But a new "way of life" for the police-crew had arrived in the Arctic with new transport technology. Several of the crew were flown to their homes in southern Canada while local police and welfare duties were performed by the permanent detachment at Cambridge Bay.

Another milestone historical event occurred in the spring of 1946 at Cambridge Bay. The *St. Roch*, the first conqueror of a water route through the Arctic, met a group of snowmobiles from Churchill, Manitoba, which were part of the Canadian Army's "Exercise Musk-Ox",

the first overland, mechanized expedition to cross the Central Arctic. Overhead, modern airplanes were dropping supplies and on the ground traditional dog-teams were carrying them to a temporary military camp. These four means of transportation together at one time was an event in the history of Arctic development.

During the summer of 1946 the *St. Roch* again picked up supplies sent down the Mackenzie River in barges to Tuktoyaktuk (then, for a brief period, called Port Brabant). These were delivered to Western Arctic posts during a surprisingly ice-free navigation season. Despite difficulties with large masses of pack ice pushed against the Alaska north coast by northerly winds, the *St. Roch* worked westward during late August through the shallow offshore water to Point Barrow. The tiny ship was an 80-ton, shallow-draught (13 feet) vessel which could motor inside of the thick polar ice which grounded a few miles offshore. Larsen had a strange experience in Bering Strait. He crossed the unmarked International boundary and anchored off Large Diomede Island in Soviet Union territory. The beginnings of post-war "peace" were well illustrated when Larsen was arrested by the Russian garrison and held overnight. The rest of the voyage home was uneventful and more leisurely than in some years. They came into Vancouver harbour on 26 September.

For the summer of 1947 a challenging task was assigned to the *St. Roch* and its floating police detachment. They were to become explorers again, and to reverse the route of their historic Northwest Passage trip of 1944 through Prince of Wales Strait, between Banks and Victoria islands. The Strait is about 275 kilometres long and averages about 20 kilometres wide. It is wider and deeper at the south end. Until 1944 no ship had penetrated this ice-filled strait since McClure's original exploration in the *Investigator* in 1849. In September 1944 the strait had been virtually ice-free, giving the *St. Roch* no problems. The purpose of the 1947 expedition was to try to cross northward through ice-filled Viscount Melville Sound to Winter Harbour on southern Melville Island, and there to meet a joint American-Canadian scientific group in a United States government icebreaker coming from the east through Lancaster Sound. It was no easy assignment.

Captain Larsen and the *St. Roch* left Vancouver on 30 June 1947, had a rough crossing of the Gulf of Alaska, and then through Unimak Pass in the Aleutian Islands. They met their first sea-ice in mid-July off Wainwright, northwestern Alaska. The *St. Roch* rounded Point Barrow, the northern tip of Alaska, on 19 July and found large, solidly-packed floes stretching endlessly to the north and east. This part of the voyage was usually not dangerous because numerous trading and whaling vessels had used this route in the past to reach the Canadian Western Arctic. American aircraft from an air base near Point Barrow reported that although ice had piled up on the shore, there was a wide, open lead through the thick ice offshore. Larsen decided to risk the offshore route, well remembering how a few vessels in the past had become trapped in such ice when the winds shifted to the south and carried ships into the Arctic Ocean.

On 20 July the *St. Roch* nosed into the wide, offshore lead. Fog, which is ever-present in an arctic summer, soon surrounded the vessel as it crept slowly along the northern edge of the pack-ice. The next day the dreaded event happened. The wind began to blow strongly off the land from the southeast. Within a few hours a large mass of ice broke off from the main pack which was anchored to shore and the *St. Roch* was carried helplessly northward along with it. Larsen tried desperately to work back through the broken ice edge, but the outward drift of the ice was faster than his vessel's power. Soundings became deeper, and he knew that he would soon be off the continental shelf and in the deep ocean.

For a full day the vessel battled with heavy ice, moving from opening to opening to keep from being crushed. On 23 July the wind died, visibility improved, and the *St. Roch* began twisting through the broken floes. It moved from one lead to another, awaited openings, sheltered behind large floes when the ice began jamming, moved at the right time, stopped at the right time, and generally did all of the many movements which are

RCMP Archives, Ottawa

Henry A. Larsen on patrol. Opposite page: The "St. Roch" in Amundsen Gulf, Western Arctic, seeking a passage.

J. Lewis Robinson photo

Southern McClintock Channel is almost filled with last year's sea-ice in mid-August, 1947. The blue sea-ice is covered with white snow, the black areas are open water leads. The solid sea-ice is about three feet thick.

calmly noted in Larsen's logs as "worked through heavy ice". Luck and skill combined to bring the *St. Roch* and her anxious crew safely back to shallow water.

This offshore wind had broken up the land-fast ice, permitting the *St. Roch* to work slowly eastward. Inuit at Barter Island informed the police that it was the first time that the ice had broken up that "summer". At Demarcation Point, which marks the Alaska-Yukon boundary, open water appeared. The weary crew then had smooth sailing to Herschel Island, which was reached on 27 July, one of the earliest arrival dates for vessels from the west.

On 1 August the *St. Roch* crossed ice-free Mackenzie Bay. The reason for clear sailing was soon apparent. All the ice had been blown into the eastern side of Amundsen Gulf. At Cape Parry the sea was blocked by a solid mass of floes extending to the northern horizon. The *St. Roch* anchored in the harbour at Big Booth Island and there met the Hudson's Bay Company supply schooner *Fort Ross* which was also trying to work eastward.

When an eastward route was still blocked on 8 August, Larsen crossed the open gulf northward to Banks Island. At DeSalis Bay he met three Inuit schooners awaiting an opportunity to cross southward with their winter's catch of valuable white-fox pelts. The Inuit followed Larsen's advice and cut directly to the south rather than staying close to shore, as was their custom. On 11 August the *St. Roch* entered the south end of Prince of Wales Strait and rescued a small Inuit schooner which had been trapped in heavy floes. With this assisting work successfully completed, Larsen turned to his assignment of penetrating into Prince of Wales Strait.

The first view was not encouraging. Much of last winter's ice had not yet broken up; it stretched solidly from shore to shore. The *St. Roch* anchored at Walker Bay on the east side. This harbour brought back memories, for it was there that the police crew had wintered in 1940-41, at the end of the first year in their west to east crossing of the Northwest Passage. They left Walker Bay on 19 August and found the Strait still frozen to the shores, but with a narrow strip of open water in mid-channel. The stubby *St. Roch* rode jauntily down this "highway" for about 50 miles until heavy floes of last winter's ice again blocked the way.

Fortunately, the ice was moving back and forth with the currents through the Strait, enabling the *St. Roch* to work northward gradually. Shelter was found behind the Princess Royal Islands for a few hours and Larsen recalled reading about McClure's expedition which had wintered there almost a century before. Northward, the floes were grinding together but mid-channel was open as the currents seemed to move along both coasts. On 21 August the *St. Roch* reached the north end of Prince of Wales Strait. Large, unbroken floes, several years old, stretched to the northern horizon across Viscount Melville Sound.

The north end of the Strait was like the mouth of a

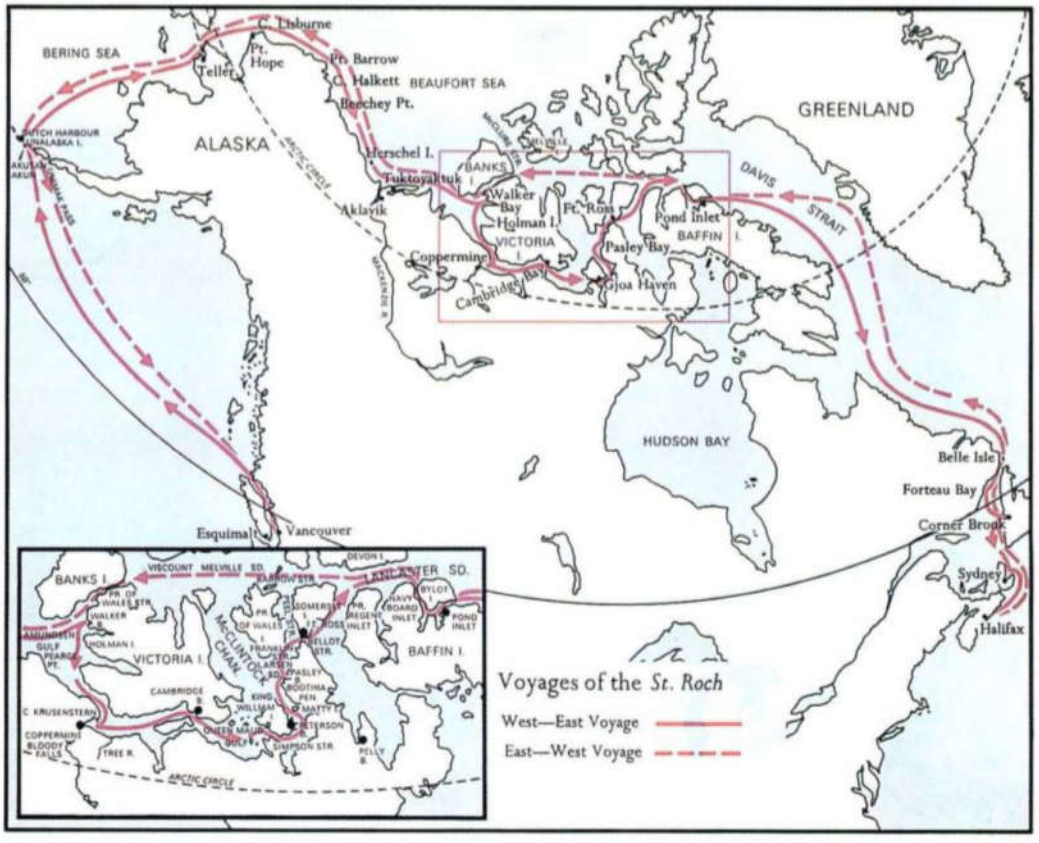
funnel. When the wind blew from the north, heavy ice from Viscount Melville Sound jammed into the narrow Strait. Whenever the wind reversed, loose ice in the Strait pushed northward and threatened to crush the *St. Roch* against the solid pack which barred the way. Five days were spent avoiding ice in this dangerous passageway. Through day and night they struggled, with little rest for the captain or weary crew. Fortunately, winds and currents kept the ice moving and it never jammed solidly, but their view from the mast-head showed solidly-packed ice blocking the way northward into Viscount Melville Sound.

On 26 August the police patrol surrendered and retreated southward. They found shelter in an unmapped harbour, later called Jessie Bay, along the Banks Island coast. Exploration on the land revealed ancient stone tent rings of Inuit camps and moss-covered musk-ox skulls. Neither Inuit nor musk-ox had inhabited eastern Banks Island for a long time.

Although Larsen did not know it then, about the same time the American ice-breaker, which had conquered Antarctic ice the preceding winter, was also being stopped by Arctic ice in its effort to reach Melville Island from the east. Also at this time, in late August 1947, I was flying out of Cambridge Bay with an RCAF plane on the North Magnetic Pole Survey in the Central Arctic. McClintock Channel, east of Victoria Island, was full of solid ice, and no open water was found along the coasts of Prince of Wales Island. It was indeed a "bad" year for ship navigation.

The *St. Roch* put into shelter again on 29 August, south of Peel Point, on Victoria Island. From the high land inland, the RCMP crew confirmed with binoculars that no passage existed northward. They remained in the area for a few more days hoping for the ice to open up as it had done in 1944. On 2 September new ice began to form across the open water, reminding them that the short arctic summer was drawing to a close. It was to be another 22 years before another ship traversed Prince of Wales Strait. In 1969 the huge U.S. tanker and icebreaker *Manhattan* used this route, with few ice problems, when making its east-to-west Northwest Passage trip.

It was a disappointed crew that again pointed the *St. Roch* southward. Their dreams of exploring new channels in the northern islands, the thrill of being first to accomplish a navigation feat, and the satisfaction in conquering the icy barriers of nature, all had to be forgotten. The score was evened. The Strait had been conquered once by the *St. Roch*, but this time it had resisted successfully. Arctic ice was indeed unpredictable. On 4 September they passed the high cliffs of Nelson Head on southern Banks Island. There was clear sailing across Amundsen Gulf, which had been packed with ice a month previously.



On 6 September the RCMP patrol vessel reached Herschel Island and preparations were begun for wintering there. Again, the physical environment of the Arctic proved changeable and favoured them with a mild fall. It was not until 15 October that heavy snowfalls finally formed slush ice over the harbour. By the end of October, almost a month later than usual, the harbour began to freeze over. The ship was covered with canvas to protect it from the weather and the ice was cut away from the hull to prevent crushing. The *St. Roch* was to spend its 13th, and last, winter in the Arctic, as the headquarters for a temporary RCMP detachment. Its exploration work was done for the season, but the policemen's "normal" duties continued, as they had during preceding winters.

In late November Inspector Larsen travelled by dog-team to Aklavik, and was flown outside by the RCMP Norseman aircraft for consultation with police officials and arctic experts in Ottawa. Some of the other crew were also flown out for the winter. During the winter the resident police patrolled to nearby Inuit camps, where a poor trapping and hunting year left many natives in need of food. The police also supervised a minor gold rush which was developing along Firth River on the nearby Yukon mainland.

In early June 1948 the bilges began to thaw in the *St. Roch* and the ice around the ship began to melt. During this break-up period the *St. Roch* leaked badly and had to be pumped continuously. On 2 July the sea-ice began to break up and a strong westerly wind cleared the harbour. On 23 July the police, with Larsen again in charge, left Herschel Island and proceeded through heavy ice across Mackenzie Bay to Tuktoyaktuk.

Another arctic season had begun – the final one for the *St. Roch* – but there were no exciting plans. The several police posts had to be provisioned, the prime purpose of the RCMP schooner. On 29 July the *St. Roch* left Tuktoyaktuk with freight for the tiny settlement of Coppermine. That year Amundsen Gulf was almost ice-free, illustrating the great and frustrating contrasts in summer seasons in the Arctic. Fog, always prevalent where there are contrasts between cold water and warming land, caused more delays than did ice. The police aided the Hudson's Bay Company by also carrying their annual supplies to trading posts at Read Island and Holman Island off the southwest coast of Victoria Island.

By late August the *St. Roch* and her crew had completed their supply functions and prepared for the journey to Victoria, B.C., via the north Alaska coast. The ice, which is ever-present over the Beaufort Sea, had been blown southward and was packed solidly against the mainland coast west of Cape Parry.

From 29 August to 2 September the *St. Roch* struggled through heavy ice in Franklin Bay. The police were joined by the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship *Fort Ross*, and the R.C.A.F. supply ship *Snowbird*, which were trying to return to winter quarters at Tuktuk. Because Captain Summers, veteran captain of the *Fort Ross* was very ill, Larsen broke a way through the ice for all vessels. The ice-field terminated near the shallow water west of Baillie Island, and the vessels finally worked free and reached Tuktuk.

For the *Fort Ross* another season was finished but the *St. Roch* still faced the difficult passage around Alaska. The vessel had been leaking badly all summer and it was necessary to reach dry-dock in Victoria for a complete overhaul. Larsen began to doubt the likelihood of getting out of the Arctic that year, for ice was packed heavily against the mainland. It took three days to cross ice-filled Mackenzie Bay. While loading fuel and supplies at Herschel Island, Larsen saw that solidly-packed ice masses, with no navigation cracks, were a jumbled white desert to the western and northern horizons. One of the sad events of this final departure from the Arctic was a procession of local Inuit who came to say goodbye and to say how much they appreciated the help of the police over several years.

Larsen left Herschel Island on 9 September and fol-

Vancouver Maritime Museum

"St. Roch" during her last winter in the Western Arctic, 1947-48, frozen in at the bay adjoining the RCMP barracks at Herschel Island.

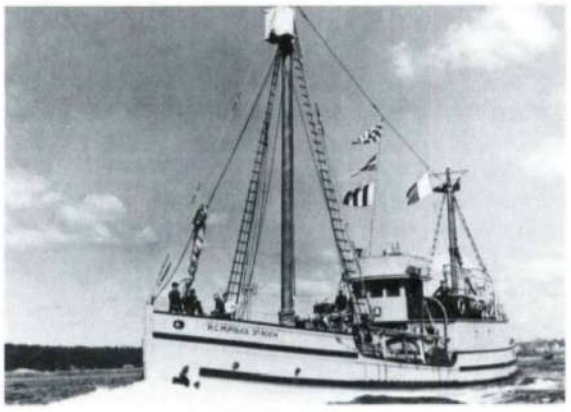
lowed the shoreline westward. As in previous years, numerous islands and sand bars off the coast formed a barrier to the ice and the grounded floes left a strip of shallow, open water near the shore. The policemen arrived at Point Barrow on the night of 12 September. Floes were only 400 yards offshore of this low sand spit jutting into the Arctic Ocean. The wireless operator on the *St. Roch* had been in touch with the radio station at Point Barrow and the whole settlement prepared for their arrival. Every light in the village was put on, thus enabling Larsen to mark the shoreline. He inched the *St. Roch* around the point in 14 or 15 feet of water, sounding continuously with the lead line. As is often the case, there was open water west of Point Barrow, and the *St. Roch* left the ice behind for another year. Larsen would have been amazed to know that in a few years this small native village at Point Barrow would become a modern, busy town centering on the oil industry of northern Alaska.

At Dutch Harbour in the Aleutian Islands the *St. Roch*'s engineer discovered impending trouble with the ship's connecting rods. Larsen therefore decided to stay close to the southern Alaska coast rather than crossing the open Gulf of Alaska. On 1 October the *St. Roch* rolled east and southward in strong gales. The weather finally improved after leaving Ketchikan on 14 October. After two seasons of buffeting by ice and wind, the tired captain and crew found it a pleasure to relax and enjoy the scenery of the central B.C. coast during the leisurely last part of their voyage. Journey's end was reached at Vancouver on 18 October 1948. The log for the two seasons read 7,290 miles, with a steaming time of 1,077 hours. This was the last voyage of the historic *St. Roch* in the Canadian Arctic. For 21 years, the ship had patrolled through ice-filled arctic waters, experiencing difficult, stressful conditions, so it was not surprising that it was in need of repair. In late October, the *St. Roch* was moved to winter quarters at Esquimalt for a general overhauling.

Can one count the number of times that hundreds of pounds of ice floes crashed into the sturdy wooden hull? How many times hard, sharp ice had ground into the Douglas fir planks as the vessel slid between grasping floes? How many times the engine had worked doggedly to push aside several miles of crushing ice, or clattered wildly into reverse to escape an onrushing ice Juggernaut? How many times ice had frozen and expanded in the many cracks during severe winters when temperatures dropped below -50°F for several days in succession? Truly the *St. Roch* had earned a rest.

EPILOGUE

After two decades of faithful, and sometimes glorious, service the *St. Roch* was virtually forgotten and neglected for a couple of years in Esquimalt harbour in Victoria, B.C. In 1950 Henry Larsen, then commanding



RCMP Archives, Ottawa

"St. Roch" heads for home.

the RCMP Arctic Division in Ottawa, persuaded police officials to bring the *St. Roch* to Halifax, possibly to be put back into service in the Canadian Eastern Arctic. This trip from Vancouver to Halifax, through the Panama Canal, meant that the *St. Roch* became the first ship to circumnavigate North America.

However, plans for further arctic work were cancelled and the *St. Roch* was once more neglected in Halifax harbour. During this time Larsen persuaded the City of Vancouver to buy the *St. Roch* for $5,000 and he sailed it back to Vancouver in the fall of 1954. But again, verbal battles broke out over what to do with the vessel and it sat for four years at a Vancouver wharf with minimum care. In 1958 the *St. Roch* was partially restored and pulled ashore into a concrete drydock at Kitsilano Beach near the site of construction of the Vancouver Maritime Museum. Once in the open and in Vancouver rains, the hull began to decay.

In 1966 the National Historic Sites Division of the federal government and the city of Vancouver agreed to preserve the *St. Roch* and built an A-frame cover, adjoining the Maritime Museum. Beginning in 1971, there were three years of replacement of timbers and other restoration work and the *St. Roch* was finally opened for public display and visits in 1974. Extensive repairs were needed for the drydock in 1991 and dry rot in the hull had become serious. After a lengthy debate over which level of government should be responsible for continual maintenance costs, Heritage Canada withdrew financial support in July 1995 as part of federal government cutbacks. All of the staff and tour guides were let go. Reduced funding would continue for two years only and the *St. Roch* site fell under the administration of the Vancouver Maritime Museum. So the ship's role in reminding people of its part in Arctic transport and exploration is preserved for a few years.

J. Lewis Robinson, a distinguished Canadian geographer, wrote the official record of the two historic voyages of the "St. Roch" through the Northwest Passage. Henry Larsen died, full of honours, in 1964.

Rolling Over the Waves

Mr. Knapp's Remarkable Boat

By SHANE PEACOCK

Something strange was going on at Polson's Iron Works on Lake Ontario during the summer of 1897. Toronto was full of rumours. Apparently, down at the foot of Sherbourne and Frederick streets someone was building a bizarre contraption they intended to sail on the lake. It was made of steel, shaped like a rolling pin, and half the size of a barn. Some experts even said it had the potential to effectively change the world, and drastically increase the speed at which people could move. Soon word came it would be unveiled on the evening of 8 September. Everyone waited anxiously for the roller boat.

A few years earlier Frederick Augustus Knapp was travelling to England on a steam-powered ocean liner, impatient as usual, wishing the lumbering vessel could fly over the waves and get him to his overseas clients in an instant. This ambitious, clean-shaven man with the wide, strong face, who ran his law practice out of the little town of Prescott, Ontario, (where he had been born in 1854) as if it were the domain of a big-city solicitor, hated to be slowed by anything, even the Atlantic Ocean.

McGill University-educated and the descendant of a distinguished family of United Empire Loyalists, he had no shortage of confidence. Rather than coming to terms with the impossibility of moving any faster or turning his mind to the legal business before him, he began considering how he might take marine travel into the twentieth century. What, he thought, was slowing this boat down? In the billowing waves of the Atlantic he found his answer.

When he next crossed the ocean toward Europe he brought with him a nine-foot long, three-foot diameter model of a new boat he was inventing. It was cylindrical, had a stationary inner frame, and an outer shell that was designed to revolve as it floated sideways. Every other vessel in existence plowed through the waves: this would be borne along on top, using nature rather than fighting it. Knapp was excited: he had tested the model at home and it had worked like a dream, shooting over the waves at such incredible speed that at a proportionate rate a full-sized boat would, he calculated, travel at 200 miles per hour. Such a vessel would cross any ocean in a single day, and make its inventor fabulously wealthy.

But the Glasgow naval architects and industrialists to whom he demonstrated his invention would not back him with the funds he needed and it was not until 1897 that an Ottawa financier named George Goodwin put up $25,000 for the first roller boat. And so, on 8 September Toronto and much of Canada waited to see this steel monster emerge from its laboratory.

The huge crowd that gathered near the docks that day saw a red stove pipe half the length of a hockey rink drop down a soapy slide and hit the water with such force that a number of spectators were soaked by the splash. It rolled as it went in and drew about two feet into the lake, but, contrary to some predictions, stayed afloat. Nearly every day for the next month-and-a-half spectators, and reporters from all six Toronto newspapers, came to the site hoping to see the roller boat make its maiden voyage. But it wasn't until 21 October that the big moment came.

"All day thousands of persons had fairly besieged the Polson shipyards and clamoured to know when the boat was going out," said the *Toronto Evening Telegram.* "Every available vantage point along the wharves from Berkeley to Bay Street was occupied, and the roofs of the factories along the Esplanade were black with crowds", all primed by extensive press coverage which day after day had featured detailed drawings of the boat and its interior, biographies of its inventor and predictions that it would be Canada's first great contribution to modern technology. But the fact that a great many scientists predicted it would never work was seldom mentioned.

Knapp's roller boat was 110 feet long and 22 feet in diameter, tapering at each end to a 12-foot width. It was an annular cylinder, in other words one made out of steel rings, and just like its little prototype, would roll over the waves lengthwise. At either end was a steam engine with a boiler, set on a weighted (15 ton) platform, which powered a huge driving wheel that turned a system of intersecting cogs, and made the shell of the boat revolve. To keep the engines horizontal (so they would not turn with the boat) the weighted platforms under the engines were placed on four driving wheels. Flanges or paddles, riveted to the boat's exterior, also aided the rolling action, and rudders were attached at each end to help steer it. Knapp often said that the whole principle of the boat and its movement was the same as the "squirrel in the cage". His original design had an inner shell that remained stationary and a single engine in the centre, but several engineers persuaded him to alter it.

The monster was towed out into Toronto harbour, spectators watching intently, wondering if they were about to witness an important moment in history. The engines were started: the "wonderful contrivance" hissed, belched smoke and steam, and then groaned as it slowly started to revolve. For over an hour it rolled over the surface of the bay, a veritable flotilla of smaller boats dancing around it, saluting their rumbling big sister from time to time with blasts of their whistles. "Knapp's roller boat has rolled all right," wrote *The Globe,* which took others to task for ever doubting it.

But on that perfectly calm day it never achieved more than seven revolutions per minute, not even close to 10 miles an hour. Knapp told the press the principle had been proven viable, though even he expressed concern about its disturbing slowness.

Perhaps *Scientific American* had been right. In all they published four articles about the boat, complete with photographs and drawings of it under construction and in action, and each time they were undeniably

Largely forgotten today, the roller boat was a topical item in October 1897 when this cartoon appeared on the front page of the "Toronto Telegram" newspaper.

intrigued, and equally sceptical.

But it was big news in Canada. Articles began appearing in newspapers throughout the country; the *Toronto Telegram* even used it in a front-page political cartoon, depicting Ontario's premier A.S. Hardy shouting derisively at opposition leader James Whitney as the latter rolled slowly through political waters on "Whitney's Roller Boat".

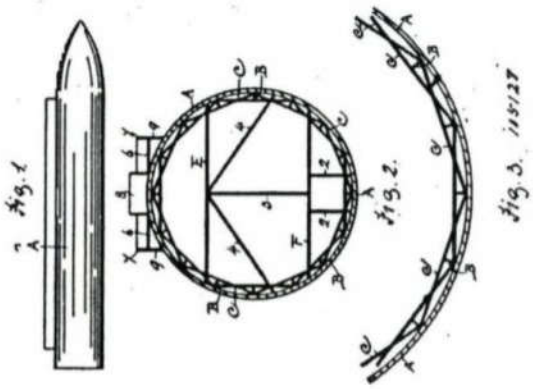
Knapp pressed on, undaunted by the first trial. He added a few more paddles and took it out for a second try the following week. Its speed was better this time, in fact it was faster than the little steamer that towed it out, and it made its way back to the docks unaided. But Knapp knew it was still far short of his dream. He grumbled about the placement of the two engines at each end of the boat, and vowed to do it entirely his way next season.

But when he again took it out into the harbour the following April he had made just minor adjustments and the boat performed only marginally better. Again he told the press that this boat was just a beginning. He had formed a joint stock company called Knapp Ocean Navigation and was adamant that he would soon have a new roller boat built closer to his original plans.

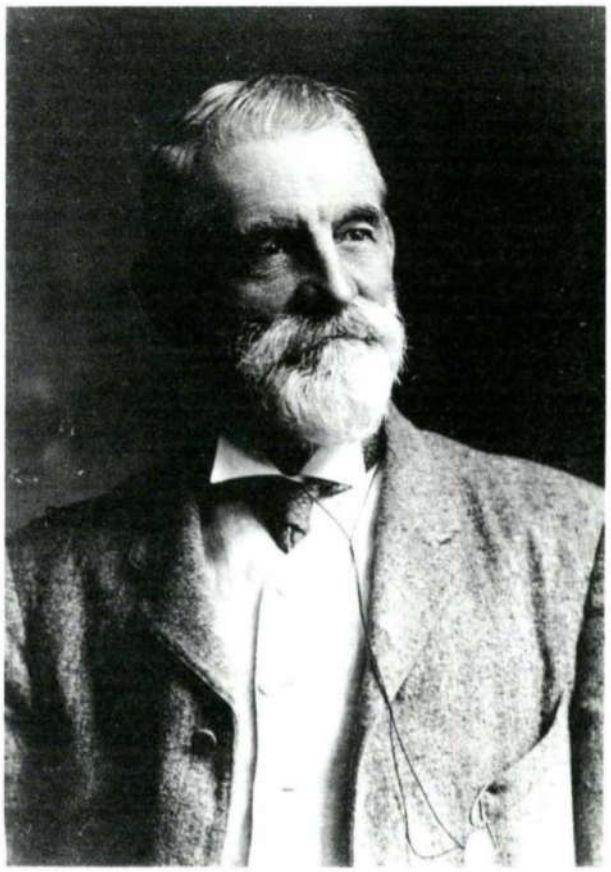
In early June 1899 he decided it was time to move the roller boat from Toronto to Prescott and make the necessary changes. Thinking that it could make the trip along the St. Lawrence River under its own steam, he and three others prepared it for the long journey. They would be its crew. One was an engineer, another a fireman and the third an extraordinary 61-year-old gentleman named G.A. Farini.

Farini was arguably the most colourful personality in Canadian history and certainly its most versatile. In his youth he had thrilled thousands by walking over the Niagara gorge on a high wire, later he created the human cannonball act and presented it in The Greatest Show on Earth. He also explored the Kalahari Desert in southern Africa; he had written books, become a botany expert and had his paintings presented with future members of the Group of Seven. He was, as well, a mechanical genius

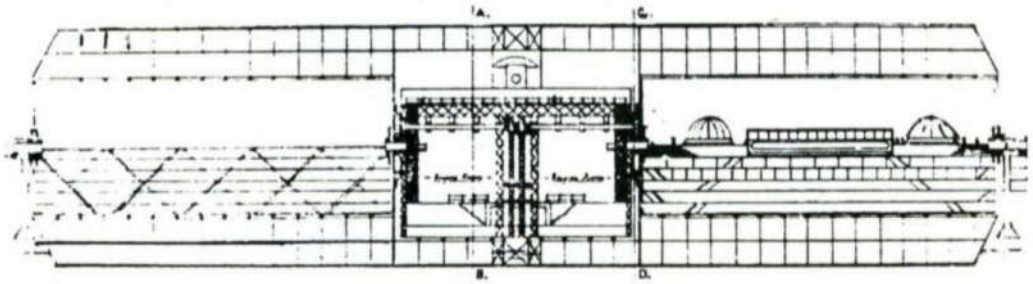
No. 105,128. Boat. *Bateau.*



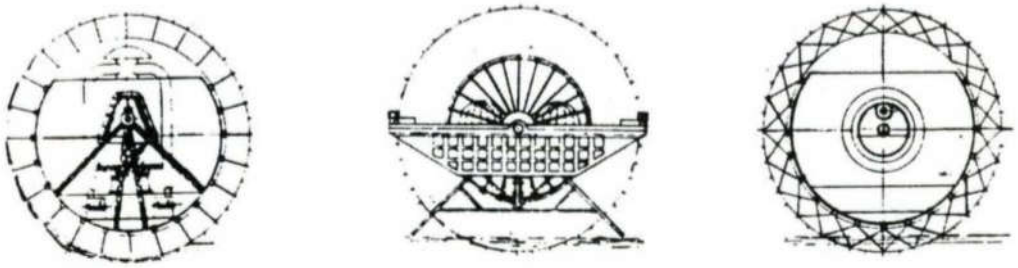
Farini (right) and a diagram from his 1906 patent application for a roller boat of similar design to Knapp's.



SIDE ELEVATION OF OCEAN VESSEL. LENGTH 800 FT.



CROSS SECTION A B. END ELEVATION AND CROSS SECTION C D. DIAMETER 200 FT.



Drawings for Knapp's roller boat.

with literally hundreds of inventions to his credit, among them various improvements to steam engines, and the fact that he was involved in the early stages of the development of Knapp's bizarre boat is not surprising. There is even some controversy about the extent of his involvement. Private correspondence between the two men reveals tension about which of them deserves full credit for the invention, and Farini is known to have possessed patents for a cylindrical steel vessel; hand-drawn plans for a similar boat were found among his possessions when he died. He was wealthy near the turn of the century and was certainly the roller boat's financial lifesaver in 1899, pumping a great deal of money into it to keep it afloat, some say as much as $125,000. Though it would be unfair to take credit for the invention of the boat away from Knapp it would be equally unfair to skirt Farini's important contributions.

Farini had been on the boat the first time it rolled in Toronto harbour and now he was manning it again for a much longer journey. Despite his advanced years he was a physically powerful and well-conditioned man, characteristics gained from years of studious exercise. Little did he know he would soon have to put those abilities to the test.

The boat started its dangerous 200-mile voyage early on the morning of 9 June, newspaper reporters in attendance, many doubtful it would get to its destination. It lumbered away from the docks, sputtering and steaming, roaring loudly as it revolved as fast as it could go, and had only reached the harbour's eastern gap a few hours later. Then it started to pick up speed. But by late that afternoon the huge rolling pin was only 25 miles east of Toronto, approaching Frenchman's Bay. And then disaster struck.

A problem developed with the turning mechanism, and while they worked desperately at it, used more and more coal; soon they had run out. The wind picked up, pushing them out into the lake. They dropped anchor, but kept drifting, betrayed by the boat's enormous size and peculiar shape. Quickly Knapp and Farini threw a little row boat into the water and made a frantic run for shore, seven miles away. It took three gruelling hours to get to Pickering, but they did it, and finally, early the next morning, coal supplies in tow, they returned to the roller boat. They found it drifting helplessly, the engineer and fireman clinging to it, 15 miles from shore.

They were able to get it going again but made little progress in the wind and finally brought it ashore near Bowmanville. During the next few days, while spectators gathered to stare at the famous red hulk of tubular steel, Knapp made arrangements to have it towed all the way to Prescott. He and Farini spoke boldly to the press about its potential, but time was running out.

Knapp finally did get the engine placed in the centre during the next few years. In 1901 he spoke to the *Montreal Star* explaining this change and the boat's next incarnation, as a passenger ferry to carry 400 people back and forth across the St. Lawrence from Prescott to Ogdensburg, New York. Then he told the reporter his big news.

He was drawing up plans for a giant ocean roller boat, to be as large as 800 feet long and 200 feet in diameter. He projected it would travel 12 knots per hour and carry four million bushels of grain. With it he would "divert the trade of the whole North American continent through Canadian channels, and so secure the greater portion of the trade of China and Japan for the Canadian route." In fact, he envisioned a fleet of such monsters, rolling across the world's oceans, their centres perfectly stationary, never disturbing their holds of grain or making their crowds of passengers seasick.

But it all remained a glorious dream. By 1904 the original roller boat had part of its outer shell removed and was used for several years as a sort of cylindrical (non-revolving) barge, often carrying coal. In 1908 it was damaged after colliding with another boat and was soon sold for a pittance. And the mammoth roller boats, to be built for half a million dollars each, never got off the drawing board.

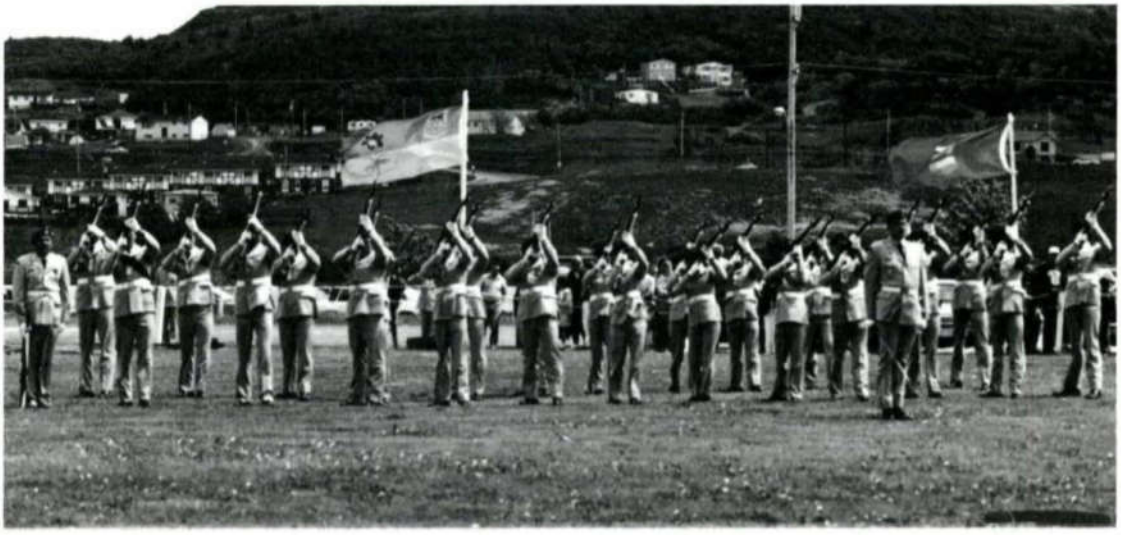
Farini lived another three decades, making and losing more money for more strange schemes and adventures. Frederick Knapp never accepted that the roller boat was a bust: in 1923 he even tried to invent an automobile based on the same principle. He died in 1942 in Prescott, age 88, his bizarre vessel, which had once intrigued so many, long forgotten. It had been too slow, unmanageable and had needed too much power to ever work efficiently. But it was a daring idea in a not particularly audacious country: our own eccentric wonder, Canada's Spruce Goose. Twenty-five years later J.J. Brown's book of inventions called it "perhaps the most exotic Canadian invention ever conceived".

In Knapp's halcyon days Sir Wilfrid Laurier had declared that the twentieth century belonged to Canada. The roller boat was to be an important contribution toward that end. But today it lies buried in downtown Toronto, the victim of a 1920s landfill project that extended the city farther out into Lake Ontario. It is hard to be sure exactly where it rests. Perhaps somewhere near the spot where it debuted to the roars of a big crowd near the foot of Sherbourne and Frederick streets; or it may be a little further south, deep under the menacing steel and concrete of a six-lane expressway that carries cars at incredible speeds into the twenty-first century. ◆

Shane Peacock's life of "The Great Farini" was published this fall by Penguin/Viking.

Soldiers of 'The Rock'

The Royal Newfoundland Regiment Remembers 200 Years of History



On 25 April, 1795, at the height of the French Revolutionary Wars, Britain's oldest colony raised a regiment of foot to guard against a French attack. Two hundred years later, one of Canada's oldest and proudest regiments is celebrating its bicentenary.

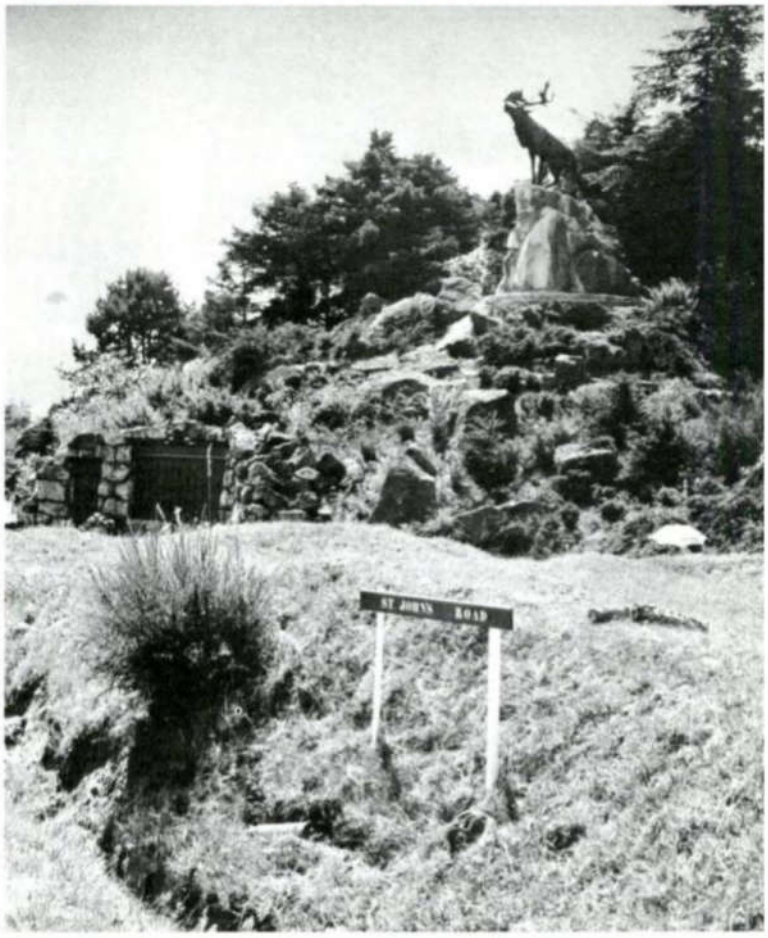
The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is best known for its valiant efforts at Gallipoli, Beaumont Hamel and other First World War battles. Its roots, though, reach back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when foreign fleets descended on the British colony seeking to control its prized fishing grounds. Britain considered the island a summer residence only for its fishermen. It banned permanent settlement and refused to station a military force there. Many fishermen ignored the ban and moved with their families to Newfoundland.

Alarmed by attacks against the island, the growing population organized its own militia groups. These were later augmented by regular British troops, who offered training and support to the citizen-soldiers. Their primary roles were to rebuild the damaged fortifications and to guard against enemy attack. During one episode with the French, the hopelessly outnumbered Volunteers saved St. John's from attack by sheer bravado and strategic placement of their soldiers, giving the illusion of a powerful defence force.

Although that ruse worked, it was obvious that Newfoundland needed its own permanent military force, especially during the American Revolution. New England raiders sank British supply vessels en route to the island and threatened St. John's and the coastal communities. Since Britain could spare no troops, St. John's Royal Engineer Robert Pringle formed his own militia. Pringle's Newfoundland Volunteers, later named His Majesty's Newfoundland Regiment of Foot, guarded St. John's until it was disbanded in 1783.

During this time Newfoundland also raised its first expeditionary

By BRIAN HEARN



The Newfoundland memorial at Beaumont Hamel

force. Lured by offers of tax-free land, hundreds of Newfoundland carpenters and artificers enlisted in Loyalist Regiments serving in America, the majority of them in the Royal Highland Emigrants. The hardy islanders fought bravely beside the British regulars, most notably when they helped to defeat American forces at Quebec.

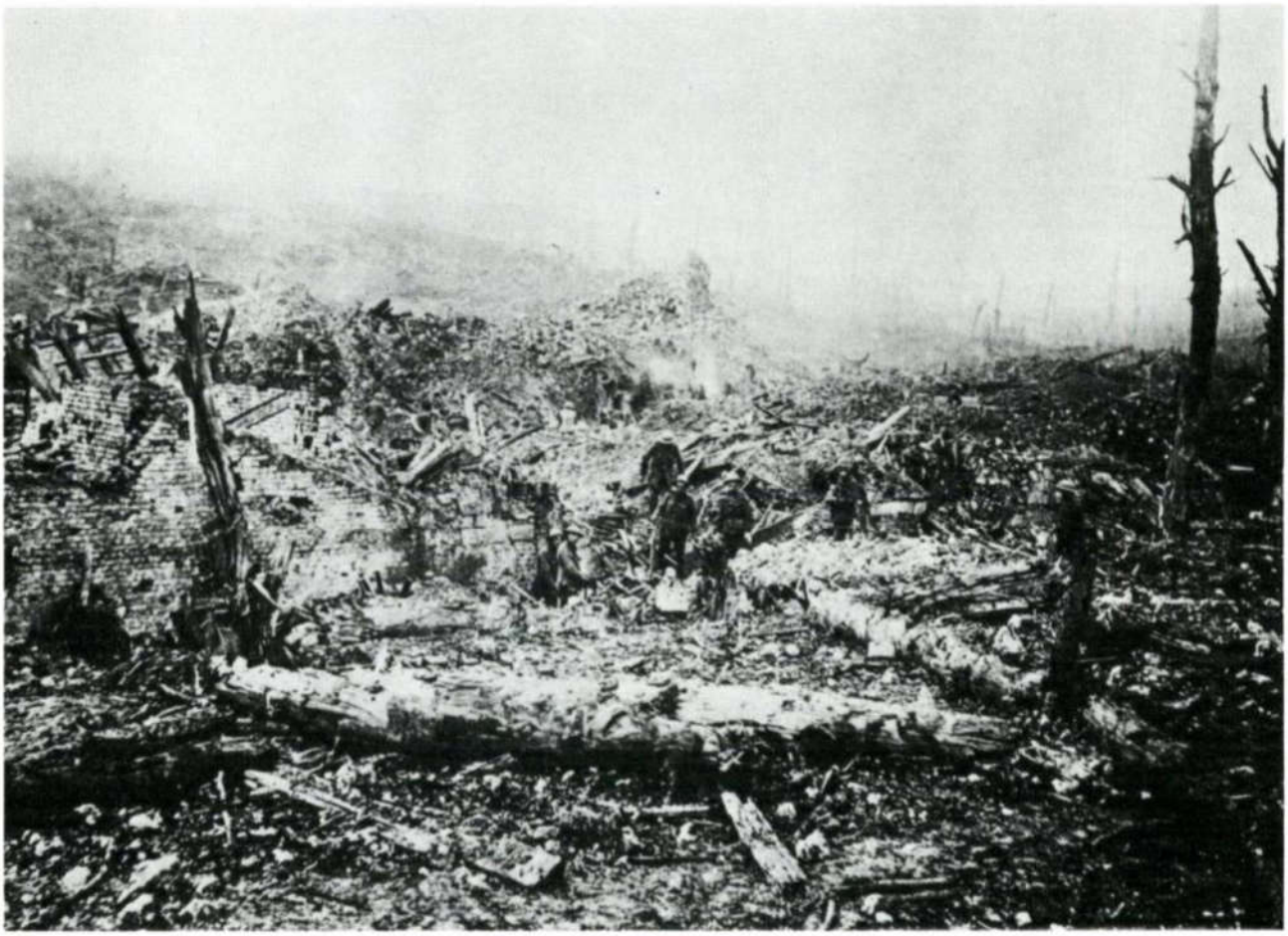
In 1793, deteriorating relations with the French once again placed all British colonies at risk. Major Thomas Skinner, Royal Engineers, received permission to establish a regular corps of infantry to protect Newfoundland. The Newfoundland Regiment of Fencible Infantry (Skinner's Fencibles), later called the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, is officially and historically linked with the present-day regiment. It served in St. John's, Halifax, Quebec and Upper Canada. Comprised primarily of experienced mariners and woodsmen, the Newfoundland Regiment contributed significantly to the defence of British North America, especially during the war of 1812. Four hundred of the 540 members who served during the war were either captured, wounded or killed.

The Newfoundland Regiment was disbanded in 1816, and the last of the British regulars were removed from the island in 1825. They were replaced by the Royal Veteran Companies, renamed the Royal Newfoundland Companies in 1842. Comprised of veterans of the Napoleonic wars and the War of 1812, the unit performed garrison duties, provided honour guards for ceremonial occasions and assisted in emergencies. In 1862, the Royal Newfoundland Companies amalgamated with the Royal Canadian Rifles. The last two remaining companies were removed from the island in 1870, leaving Newfoundland again without a military presence.

In the summer of 1914, with the outbreak of war in Europe, Britain once again requested support from its colonies. Newfoundland's only organized military force, the Royal Naval Reserve, had just 70 members. There were several church-sponsored paramilitary units in St. John's. Outside the capital, most Newfoundlanders were too preoccupied with the cod fishery to engage in military training. Despite these restrictions, Newfoundlanders responded eagerly to the call to arms.

On 4 October 1914, the first 500 recruits, nicknamed the "Blue Puttees" because of their unique blue serge

'Only 68 answered the roll-call the following morning'



Survivors in the ruins of Beaumont Hamel after the battle. A church formerly stood on this site.

leggings, sailed overseas to train in England and Scotland. Their ranks soon swelled to 1,200 officers and men.

A year of intense training transformed the fledgling regiment into a well-disciplined, highly skilled fighting unit. The regiment fought the Turks at Gallipoli and the Germans on the Somme. On 1 July 1916 the Newfoundland Regiment was decimated at Beaumont Hamel. Of the 790 officers and men who went over the top that day, only 68 answered the roll call the following morning. Within a half-hour, 272 men were dead, more than 400 were wounded and 91 were missing. Despite its heavy losses the regiment soldiered on, participating in numerous battles throughout the war. Battle Honours included Cambrai, Ypres, Albert (Beaumont Hamel) and Gallipoli. The Newfoundland Regiment was granted the title "Royal", the only regiment to be so honoured during the war.

The regiment was disbanded between the wars. It did not take part as a regular unit in the Second World War, although thousands of Newfoundlanders, including a number of veterans, did serve in other formations.

When Newfoundland entered Confederation in 1949, the regiment was remustered as a Canadian militia unit, with companies formed around the province. Like the "Blue Puttees", today's members have brought honour to their regiment by serving in United Nations peacekeeping forces around the world. ◆

Brian Hearn is a St. John's, Newfoundland, freelance writer.

Making the Past Live At Louisbourg

By Kenneth Stickney

Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, was the scene of what was inevitably dubbed "the Woodstock of historical re-enactments" this summer. On the last weekend of July, 1,200 re-enactors and more than 20,000 visitors swarmed into the reconstructed city to commemorate the 250th anniversary of its capture by a New England army in 1745 and the 275th anniversary of its founding. It was certainly the largest re-enactment seen on the continent since the U.S. bicentennial in 1976.

Sandy Balcom, staff historian with Fortress Louisbourg National Historic Site, says planning for the event had begun several years before. Re-enactors had approached the staff about holding an event at the fortress because it is the largest and most authentic eighteenth-century site on the continent.

"We really started planning the event in the early '90s," he says. "We attended the Seven Years' War re-enactment at Fort Niagara in Lewiston, New York, in 1992 and we took part in the 1994 re-enactment at Quebec City in order to get experience with this kind of event.

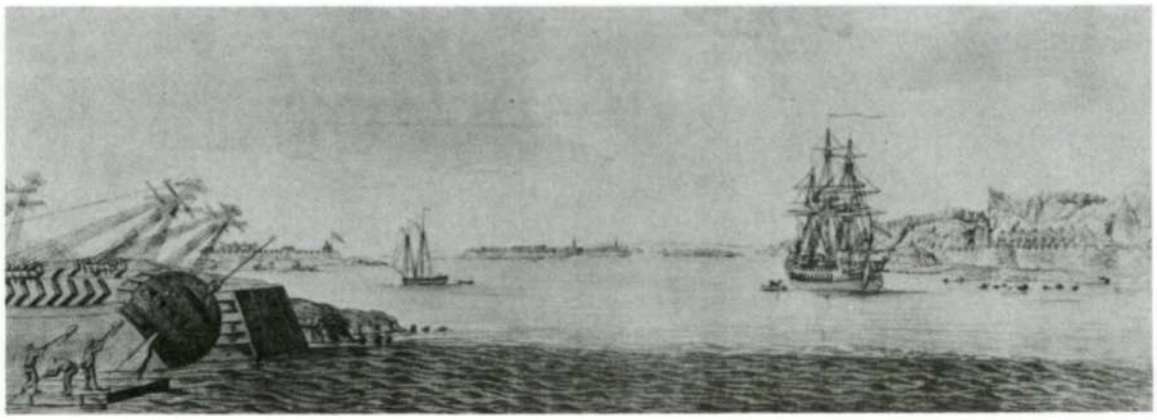
"We wanted an appropriate anniversary to celebrate, and the 250th anniversary of its capture in 1745 was the right one. At the same time, we realized that many re-enactors are equipped for the Seven Years' War and the American Revolution, and it would be asking too much for them to re-equip for 1745, so we decided to celebrate the whole history of the city from 1720 to 1760."

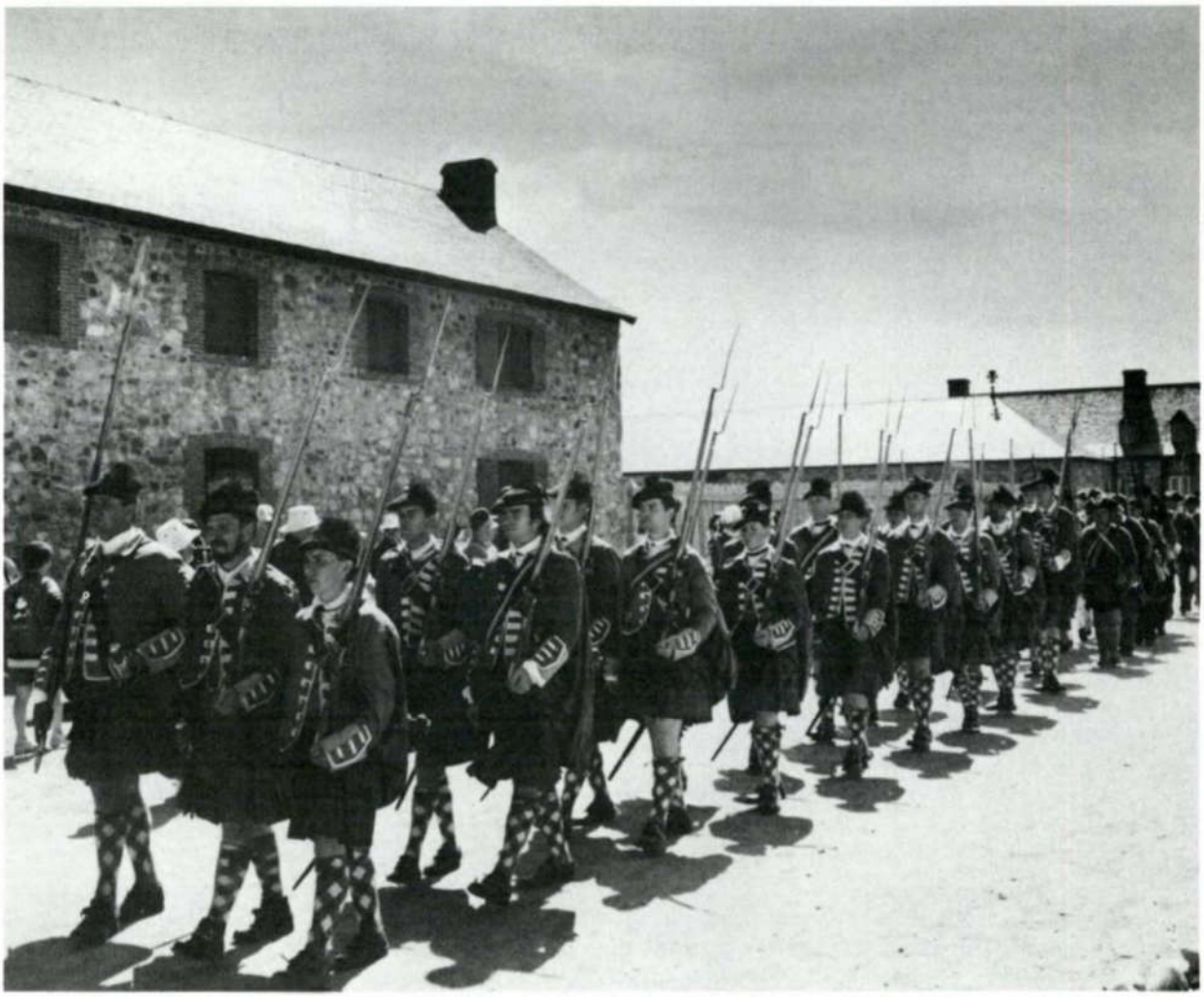
The response from re-enactors was overwhelming. About 1,200 came from across the continent — some from as far away as Oklahoma and Texas — to take part. Several new units were formed specifically for the event. A group in Ontario founded the grenadier company of the 40th Foot, another in Halifax formed a new company of the 78th (Fraser's) Highlanders, and a third group in Sydney, Nova Scotia, created a unit of French-Canadian militia. Moreover, some existing units did re-equip to better represent the events of 1745. The 10th Massachusetts Regiment of the Revolutionary War altered their appearance back to 1745 and one man arrived from Rhode Island wearing the red uniform of the Swiss Regiment de Karrer, part of the city's garrison during the siege.

The event was held in conjunction with a parade of sail which brought 15 sailing ships to the fortress. Three anchored in front of the city while the others docked at the modern town of Louisbourg across the harbour where they could be boarded by tourists.

The effort certainly paid off, as more than 20,000 people visited the fortress over the three-day weekend.

VIEW OF LOUISBOURG from the NORTH EAST, 1777-1781.





The 78th (Fraser's) Highlanders, Louisbourg, summer 1995. Detachments came from the United States as well as from Montreal, Halifax and Ottawa.

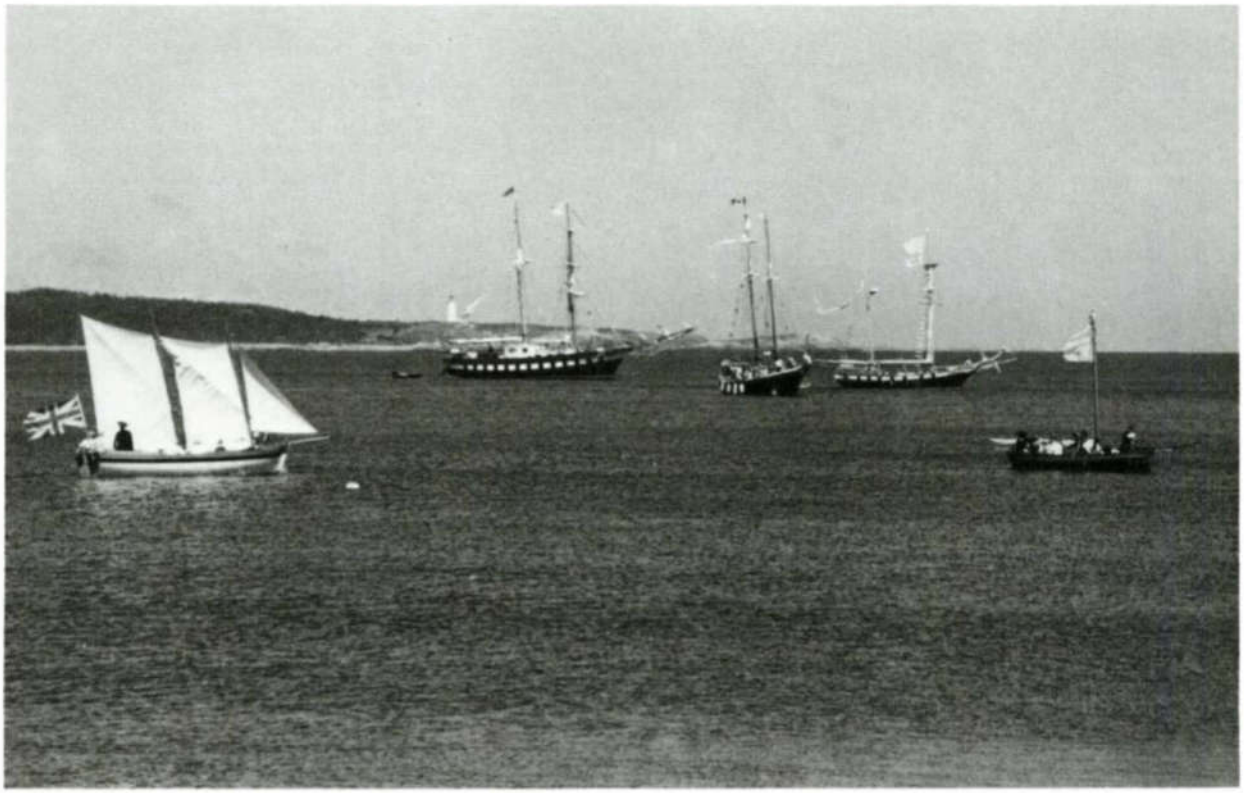
(A good day in summer usually draws 2,000 people to Louisbourg.)

So heavy was the attendance that it caused parking, traffic and accommodation problems for miles around. By four p.m. on the first day, Sydney radio was warning: "If you aren't already at Louisbourg, don't go. The RCMP say they're turning everyone back from here on in." Shuttle buses were arranged to carry people from where they had parked to the visitor centre — a distance of up to six kilometres. Wags suggested that they should have sold T-shirts saying: "I survived the Siege of Louisbourg, 1995."

Visitors not only got to see Louisbourg's usual sights: they were treated to a grand display of eighteenth-century military tactics throughout the weekend. Every day the massed British and American besiegers would form up to attack the fortress while the French and Canadian defenders would reply from the fortress ditch. The troops provided a colourful and variegated appearance. Among the attackers were the 78th (Fraser's) Highlanders, the 60th (Royal American) Foot, the South Carolina Independent Company, Roger's Rangers (in ranger green and Scottish bonnets), the New York Provincial Battalion (in green uniforms) and the New England Provincial Battalion (in farm clothes).

The most widely-represented unit among the defenders was les Compagnies Franches de la Marine, the French regulars who were permanently stationed in North America. Louisbourg's present-day garrison represents this regiment, but they were joined by other Compagnies Franches from Montreal, Fort Ticonderoga in New York, and several French forts in the American midwest. Other defenders included le Regiment Roussillon Royal, le Regiment de la Reine, the militia of the parish of the Holy Family in Illinois and Canadian militia and Indians. The French artillery (in red) and musicians (in blue) made a striking contrast with the white and grey worn by the infantry.

The British and Americans "bombarded" the city with field guns



A parade of sail was held in conjunction with the re-enactment in the summer of 1995, with 15 sailing ships present. These three anchored off the fortress.

while the French replied with a single 24-pounder from the walls. The 24-pounder shook stomachs for a mile around and drew appreciative "oohs" from the audience whenever it went off.

The pageantry perhaps obscured how brutal was the history of Louisbourg. Constructed at enormous expense by the French government to defend the entrance to the St. Lawrence River, the city was captured by the New England army led by William Pepperrell in 1745. Nevertheless, it was returned to France by the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1749. Repaired and resettled, it was again subjected to a siege by the British army commanded by Jeffrey Amherst in 1758. The images of the siege are unforgettable: the city toppling under the bombardment; the inhabitants huddling in the shadow of the battlements after their homes were destroyed. The citizens went down on their knees to beg the governor, the Chevalier de Drucourt, to surrender, but he steadfastly refused, knowing that the longer he held Louisbourg, the less were the chances of the English sending an expedition to Quebec City that year. By holding out until the end of July, he indeed prevented Wolfe from sailing until 1759.

After its second capture, the British resolved to visit the fate of Carthage upon Louisbourg. Its inhabitants were deported to France and its fortifications were demolished in the summer of 1760. The city subsequently fell into ruin. It was reconstructed by the Canadian government between 1963 and 1982 at a cost of $26 million.

Louisbourg's size and authentic appearance drew praise from the American re-enactors present. One from Illinois (dressed as a French priest) said: "They're reconstructing the French fort in Illinois, but it would fit into one corner of this place."

The big show has passed on, leaving the staff and permanent residents a little relieved. Nevertheless, they do hope to hold similar events in future. Sandy Balcom says it would be too ambitious to hope for a similar event every year, but the staff would like to see one like it every three to five years. ◆

Writer Kenneth Stickney lives in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

The Arctic Exiles

By Clarence Tillenius

ARCTIC SMOKE & MIRRORS

By Gerard Kenney. Voyageur Publishing, 5 Richard St., Maitland, Ontario, K0E 1P0., 1994. 144 pp., illus. $14.95.

In his foreword to *Arctic Smoke and Mirrors* Gordon Robertson, who was Deputy Minister of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources and Commissioner of the Northwest Territories from 1953-1963 begins:

> This is a disturbing book. It will bring pain to Inuit and their many friends and admirers throughout Canada. It is, however, a factual and honest book. Gerard Kenney has performed a service in the exhaustive research he has undertaken to get at the truth about the charges we have heard covering the move of some Inuit families from Arctic Quebec to the High Arctic in 1953 and 1955.

Was the Canadian government's 1953 removal of a dozen Inuit families to the High Arctic done out of compassion for their destitute condition or was it a bid to establish Canadian sovereignty over the Arctic? The overwhelming evidence uncovered by author Gerard Kenney indicates clearly and unmistakably that the answer is "compassion".

Gerard Kenney writes:

> Living conditions on the east coast of Hudson Bay 40 years ago were desperate. In 1953 a number of Inuit families were moved by the Canadian government from that coast in Northern Quebec and Baffin Island to the high Arctic Islands of Ellesmere and Cornwallis. The reason for the moves as stated by the government at the time was to take the Inuit away from destitution in Northern Quebec and to relocate them in an area of better game and fur trapping potential.
>
> In the 1970s, Inuit spokespersons began to make representations to the effect that the people had been moved against their will from a place of abundance to a place of harshness and suffering in order to protect Canadian sovereignty in the Arctic. Today, in the 1990s they are claiming a $10 million settlement to compensate for wrongdoing and suffering.
>
> In 1993 these continuing complaints were the focus of two special hearings of the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples in Ottawa.

The Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples was formed in August 1991 to "investigate the evolution of the relationship among aboriginal peoples ... the Canadian Government and Canadian society as a whole. It should propose specific solutions to the problems that have plagued these relationships. The Commission should examine all issues which it deems to be relevant to any or all of the aboriginal peoples of Canada."

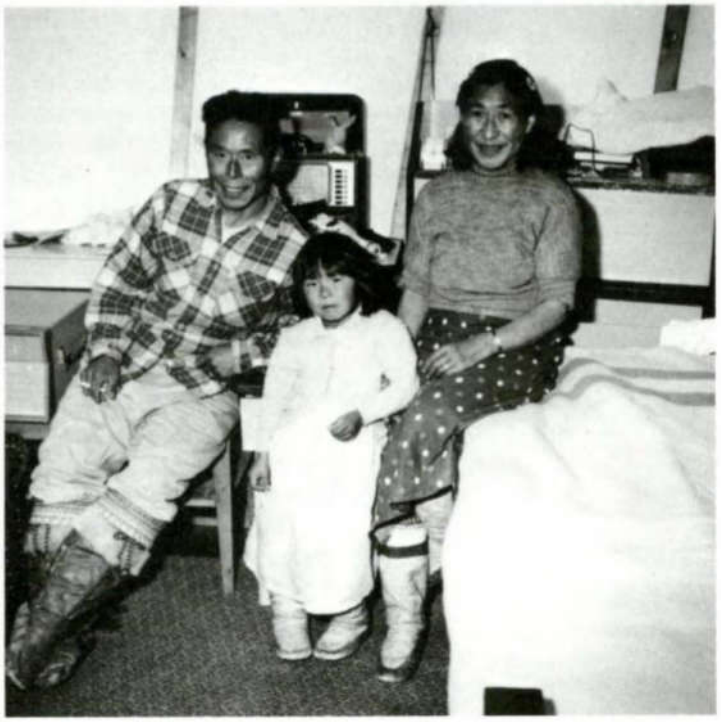
The Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples was not a body constituted to favour the discovery of the truth. Conflicting testimony was accepted from witnesses to whom no oaths were administered and no examination of witnesses was permitted. Co-chair René Dussault admitted at the June 1993 hearings in Ottawa that discovering the truth was not in the Commission's mandate when he said:

> The purpose is *not* for this Commission to act in a quasi-judicial fashion, to dig out the facts, and to come up necessarily with the truth. We want to come up with as good an understanding and to help the Canadian public to understand what has happened ... What we still hope to be able to achieve is to shed light that will help both sides to come closer to reconciliation and to look forward instead of looking back to those events.

What transpired was what writer Peter Trueman described in an article as "herd journalism", a kind of feeding frenzy of reporters giving out ill-informed, sometimes totally false versions on television, on radio and in the various outlets for the printed word. Thus we had such sensational media accounts as descriptions of protesting Inuit prisoners "frog-marched" off to destinations against their will, kidnapped from a "land of plenty" to starve in the months-long dark of the Arctic winter night. Even the CBC program "Quirks and Quarks" had lawyer Andrew Orkin comparing the moving to the High Arctic of the Inuit families from northern Quebec

about the 1950s relocations have been made by Inuit representatives to international bodies on at least two occasions, once by Dalee Sambo, an American Inuk from Alaska, on behalf of Inuit Tapirisat of Canada (ITC) before the Commission on Human Rights of the United Nations Economic and Social Council (UNESCO) in Geneva in July, 1992, and once by Mary Simon, also on behalf of ITC as well as five other aboriginal associations, before the United Nations General Assembly in New York in December 1992. Among the several incorrect statements made by Dalee Sambo was the following: "The evidence is particularly strong in the case of the High Arctic Exiles from Port Harrison in Northern Quebec in 1953 and 1955, that relocation was forced, that there was no free and informed consent on the part of Inuit to a scheme conceived by the Canadian govern-

Exiles at home: Photographs taken by Jim Scrimger at Resolute, NWT, in 1958 show (top) three boys (left to right Iqarsaq, George Ekaluk and John Amagoalik) with their dogs and (below) Joseph Idlout, his wife Rebecca Kilak and their daughter Susan in their new home.



to horrific Nazi medical experiments revealed in the Nürnberg trials. Orkin continued in such inflammatory rhetoric that two years later, testifying at the special Royal Commission hearings in July 1994, he tried to exculpate and distance himself from his own words. Nor were these allegations made solely to Canadians, as Gerard Kenney notes:

> The documented evidence does not support that apologies or compensation are due to the Inuit. In fact, certain Inuit representatives may even owe an apology to the people of Canada for attempting to compromise Canada's honour on the international stage.
>
> Presentations containing serious and incorrect allegations

ment — a scheme that put our very lives in danger, and caused great and lasting harm for which we seek redress."

There is no such evidence, let alone "strong" evidence. Mary Simon in her presentation claimed that indigenous peoples "urgently need the international protections that the United Nations can provide" while referring to the "High Arctic exiles" and their being "victims of forced relocation to support Canada's claim to northern sovereignty." Both women made claims about the 1950s relocations effectively contradicted by letters and articles written by relocated Inuit themselves and more recently by the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples.

All Canadians proud of Canada's record and standing in the world must resent these unjustified attempts to tarnish their country's reputation before international bodies such as the United Nations General Assembly and UNESCO.

Another injustice: Once before the Parliamentary Standing Committee on Aboriginal Affairs, and later at the hearings of the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, Inuit representatives alleged that members of the RCMP who worked in the Arctic in the 1950s and '60s had committed criminal acts. Since no oaths were administered and no cross-examinations were allowed, and since the Inuit witnesses testified under protection of Section 13 of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, the RCMP officers in question are powerless to defend themselves against serious criminal charges. This is a violation of their human rights.

A particularly distressing development in the cynical campaign of slander carried out by this small group of activists is vilification and abuse directed against men of deep integrity, men whose concern throughout their long-time contacts with the Inuit people has been the bettering of these peoples' lives — men like Gordon Robertson, his former Executive Assistant Bent Sivertz, Alex Stevenson and RCMP Constable Ross Gibson, Graham Rowley, Captain Henry Larsen of the *St. Roch* and a host of others. Why this campaign? Again, the prospect of easy money is a powerful lure.

Charges are put forward by young Inuit protesters today that they and their parents were "dumped" onto the shores of the High Arctic and that the RCMP abandoned them.

How false these charges are anyone can ascertain by reading in the RCMP Quarterly Report by Constable Clay Fryer who was stationed at Craig Harbour in 1953 when the first families from Port Harrison, Quebec, and Pond Inlet arrived in their new homes, and then reading (as Gerard Kenney did) the subsequent yearly reports covering the next 15 years at Grise Fiord. These reports, coupled with stacks of communications given by the Inuit people living in Grise Fiord and Resolute at that time, report complete satisfaction with their lives in these new game-rich terrritories.

Particularly revealing is a quote from the book *High Arctic Venture* by Margery Hinds. Miss Hinds was a welfare teacher in Inukjuak (then Port Harrison) in 1953 (welfare teachers travelled to the camps where the people lived and taught the children whenever possible.) She helped in the selection of the families to be relocated. Like others, she had some less-than-favourable opinions of government administration in the North. If the government had done wrong by the Inuit, she would not have hesitated to blow the whistle. Her opinion of the conditions at Resolute Bay when she visited it in 1958 are particularly valuable, since she personally knew some of the Inuit who had been relocated from Inukjuak when she was a teacher at that community in 1953. Miss Hinds was in an excellent position to make a knowledgeable comparison between the Inuit in their new home and in Inukjuak a few years before the move. In her book, she wrote about time spent anchored off Resolute Bay waiting to go ashore:

> Eskimos came on board from time to time, among them people I had known at Port Harrison. It was difficult to recognize many of them. All were well dressed. Younger ones had grown tall, older ones fat, so that even before they said life was good at Resolute Bay, it was obvious they were no longer the destitutes they had been five years previously. The last time I visited these people in their homes was on an island in Hudson Bay to check their belongings so as to know what new equipment they needed to equip them for life in their new location in the High Arctic. They had certainly reached rock bottom, everything was worn out. That human beings could even exist with so little in such a harsh land, amazed and depressed me.

Here, at Resolute Bay, the older women spoke of that visit, and house-proud as they are now, they were delighted to show us, among other things, pretty china cups and saucers, electric steam irons and electric sewing machines and washing machines. Some had upholstered armchairs and settees.

"The base (RCMP) supplies us

OUT - OF - PRINT
CANADIANA
Books
Pamphlets
Ephemera
Complimentary Catalogues
P.J. FitzPatrick
R.R. #4, Fredericton, NB
E3B 4X5
(506) 444-8989

with electricity," one of them explained.

"What about food?" the Superintendent asked.

"Hunting is very good here, and trapping better than we have ever known," was the reply. "We still like our own kind of food best, but when the men are too busy to hunt, we have plenty of money to buy store food."

Initial hardships, yes, but starvation quite simply *did not* happen: far from leaving a supposedly "game-rich" area of the east side of Hudson Bay there is overwhelming and documented proof that the condition of the people of Port Harrison (Inukjuak) was in the early 1950s a disastrous one. When those 12 families from Inukjuak and 5 from Baffin Island were offered the chance they not only willingly accepted the relocation but before long were sending messages asking that other relatives and friends from their original location be enabled to join them at Grise Fiord and Resolute Bay.

I myself when visiting Grise Fiord in April 1973 was shown around the settlement by a friend, RCMP Special Constable Abraham Piameenie, and met several members of the Inuit families moved in 1953 from Northern Quebec. One and all assured me of their complete contentment with Grise Fiord; plenty of seal and walrus, polar bear hides on stretchers drying on seemingly half the houses in the settlement.

At the time of my visit, four Eskimo hunters had arrived there from Greenland to seek wives from among the Canadian Inuit girls there. Piameenie took me to meet them and to translate. They assured me the Grise Fiord settlement was one of the most — if not *the* most — attractive settlement they had been in, and the most prosperous.

No one could wish to deny that grievous wrongs against the aboriginals of North America were committed in the past by both Canada and the United States, but the transfer of the starving Inuit from Northern Quebec to the game-rich High Arctic was certainly and demonstrably not one of those wrongs.

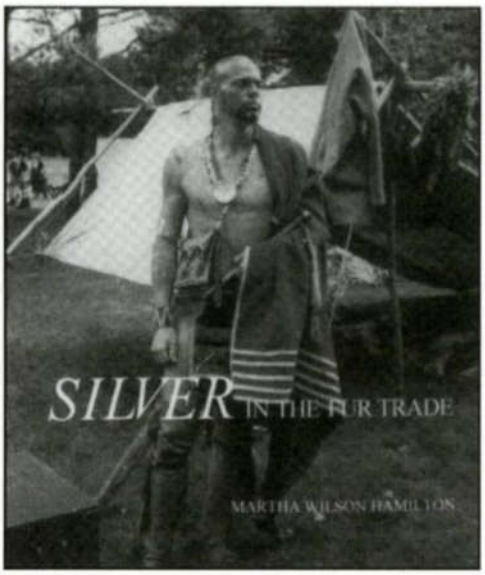
There is an important lesson to be learned from the case of High Arctic relocations. An enormous amount of time and money has been spent trying to resolve the Inuit claims. The case has involved the Canadian Human Rights Commission, the Parliamentary Standing Committee on Aboriginal Affairs, the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples, the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development and a number of Inuit organizations. A half a dozen or more major reports have been written and the two sides are as polarized as ever. All that has resulted from this massive mobilization of resources, are recommendations that do not have the force of law, and which the Government of Canada may either accept or reject. The process used to try and settle the case has been ineffective.

Artist and writer Clarence Tillenius has travelled extensively in the Canadian High Arctic with the Inuit.

NEW!

SILVER IN THE FUR TRADE 1680-1820

by Martha W Hamilton



Documents over 250 trade silver makers, their marks, biographies and works. Explains trade patterns, production techniques, chronology of forms and the use of medals. Explains significance of trade silver within Native religions.

"monumental in its scholarship and coverage"
Charles E. Hanson Jr.,
Museum of the Fur Trade

238 pages, 220 illustrations, 20 in color, 8.5x10 inches.
soft cover
ISBN 0.9646087.0.7

$45 US, $58 Can (inc s&h)
MA res add 5% sales tax
Can res subject to duty/tax

Martha W. Hamilton
15 Bartlett St.
Chelmsford, MA 01824-3938

Dealer inquiries Welcome. (508) 256-6017

CANADA'S EXCITING STORY - TOLD BY KIDS & FOR KIDS

Videos for home, school, libraries.
Kids explore famous places & turbulent events that shaped Canada. Beautifully shot on location. Praised by teachers & librarians. "Refreshingly presented! Brings history alive! Kids love them!"
Halifax, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver
"Exploring Canadian Communities":
(all 7): $150 or Each Video $29.95
(+S&H + TX) (cheque/money order)
Goldi Productions Ltd.
1409 Malibou Terrace Mississauga, ON, L5J 4B9
CALL 1-800-672-5005
"Keeping Canadians in touch with Canada"

The Forgotten Veterans

By Gavin Murphy

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET
An Oral History of Canadian Merchant Seamen in World War II

By Mike Parker. Nimbus Publishing Ltd., Halifax, 1994. 344 pp., illus. $24.95.

Running the Gauntlet is an excellent book. It provides a fascinating insight into the role of the Canadian merchant service during the Second World War, and also highlights the current plight of Canada's merchant veterans.

Prepared by Mike Parker of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, *Running the Gauntlet* features the oral histories of 50 veterans who worked on Canadian and foreign-flagged ships in waters stalked by the Germans and Japanese from the St. Lawrence River to the Caribbean Sea, and from the Indian Ocean to the North Atlantic.

Many of these men came from seafaring families in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Most were teenagers when they signed on and were often too young, or unwelcome, in military ranks. They served aboard ships that made up the merchant convoys which delivered over 180 million tons of supplies to Britain during the war. It was said that one Canadian merchant ship could carry enough food to feed 225,000 people for a week.

Victory in Europe would not have succeeded without their contribution. Rear-Admiral Leonard Murray of the Royal Canadian Navy said the Battle of the Atlantic was not won by the navy or air force, but by the determination and courage of the merchant service.

The Canadian merchant marine lost 1,600 of the 12,000 volunteer men who served, or 13 percent, the highest death ratio of the four fighting services. Some were prisoners of war. By comparison, the combined losses of Canada's army, navy and air force were less than four percent.

Merchant veterans were subjected to shabby treatment by successive federal governments after the war. It was not until 1992 that they were acknowledged as war veterans. Canada was one of the last nations to recognize its merchant veterans. Survivors are now waging another battle to be eligible for the full range of benefits accorded military veterans.

The men explain in their own words what it was like to serve on oil tankers, freighters and even sailing ships. Donald Mosher notes that he was one of only six survivors out of a crew of 30 when the *Western Head* was torpedoed and sank in 90 seconds. Earle Wagner describes the merchant seaman's fate if he were torpedoed:

> Can you imagine a ship being torpedoed in the North Atlantic in the wintertime, somebody scramblin' to save his life in a gale? All pandemonium breaks loose. The lights go out, generators stop and confusion reigns. You heard a big explosion and were probably thrown out of your bunk. You're tryin' to get out, if you're still alive, to get

Specializing in pre-press to the printed book.

We've made our mark with satisfied customers.

Hignell Printing has been around - for over 80 years - and we've seen a lot of changes in the industry. But one thing hasn't changed; the commitment we make to our customers. Hignell Printing specializes in high quality short to medium runs and takes the time to help writers and publishers new to the printing process. If you have made your mark on paper or disk and need a book printer you can rely on to produce a quality product in the time you need it, call us today.

HIGNELL PRINTING LIMITED
488 Burnell Street · Winnipeg, MB R3G 2B4
Tel: (204) 784-1030 · Fax: (204) 774-4053

Publishers' Selection

Published Quarterly
Canada's National Magazine for Bottle Collectors
Fascinating reading on the history & hobby of antique bottle collecting.

Canada: $20 year
Other: $22 *surface*. $26 *air*. (U.S.funds).

Canadian Bottle & Stoneware Collector
P.O. Box 310, Bowmanville, ON
Canada L1C 3L1
Peter Austin, Publisher (705) 277-3704

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Alberta Miners ~ A Tribute

An intimate photographic 'conversation' with the retired and active heroes of Alberta's mining industry.

224 pps; 150 duotone plates plus maps
12 x 9"; Hardbound
Photography/text by Lawrence Chrismas
Gold Award, Gallery of Superb Printing

Cambria Publishing
Box 61083, Kensington P.O.
Calgary, Alberta CANADA T2N 4S6
Phone, FAX: (403) 270-3547

Beaver readers are among the most active readers in Canada. For information about placing an ad in *Publishers' Selection*, contact:

Murton and Company Inc.
86 Brentcliffe Road,
Toronto, Ontario M4G 3Y6
Telephone (416) 429-0751
Fax (416) 429-6667

enough clothes on. You try to get your life jacket on. Then you get outside, your ship could be on fire; if you're on a tanker, everything's full of oil everywhere you step. You try to get into a lifeboat or a life raft that's probably not there. You're goin' to save yourself, you jump overboard. You're covered with oil, the place could be ablaze with oil and, Christ, you could burn up. And when do you get picked up? Maybe days later or never.

Canadian shipyards delivered 456 merchant vessels during the war and Canada had the world's third largest merchant marine in 1945. But the government was determined to dismantle this fleet. For a country surrounded by three oceans with a rich seafaring heritage, this is inexplicable, according to merchant veteran Charles Macauley:

> The Canadian government, I guess this sounds terribly disloyal, but I wonder sometimes where these guys come from, I really do. For a country that's got so much water in it and around it, it's got to be the least marine-minded country in the world. God! And the thing is there are so many young people who would really like to go to sea ... If they go, they've got to go on foreign-flagged ships because there's certainly no Canadian ships.

The history of the Canadian merchant service was essentially swept under the carpet and forgotten. *Running the Gauntlet* breaks the silence. It may not be flowing prose, but it provides a true account of life (and death) aboard merchant ships in wartime. The book includes a wide selection of photographs, including some supplied by the veterans.

This book eloquently describes the sacrifices of Canada's merchant veterans. Perhaps more importantly, it also serves as a plea to remedy an injustice and to pay back a debt long overdue.

Gavin Murphy is an Ottawa lawyer and writer.

Give Them
The Beaver

WE'RE LOOKING FOR OUTSTANDING TEACHERS OF CANADIAN HISTORY

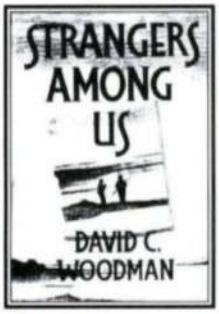
CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY is pleased to announce a national awards program to recognize teaching excellence in Canadian history.

Open to all teachers of Canadian history in Grades 1 to 12 (and OAC in Ontario), the program will be launched in January 1996 when completed details will be widely distributed to the educational community.

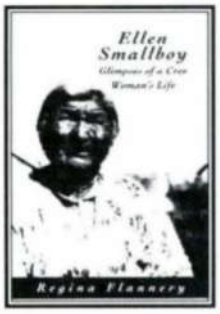
Canada's National History Society
478-167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg MB R3B 0T6
Telephone 1-800-816-6777
Fax (204) 988-9309
E-mail: beaver@cyberspc.mb.ca

Selections in Native and Northern Studies and Military History

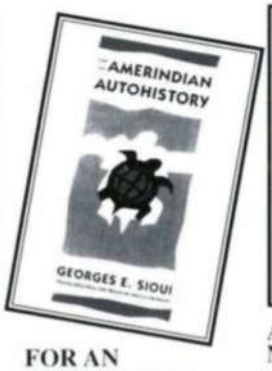
from
McGill-Queen's University Press



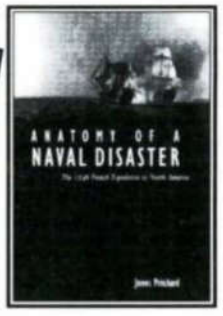
STRANGERS AMONG US
David C. Woodman
McGill-Queen's Native and Northern Series
Cloth 0-7735-1348-5 $29.95



ELLEN SMALLBOY
Glimpses of a Cree Woman's Life
Regina Flannery
Rupert's Land Record Society Series
Paper 0-7735-1369-8 $12.95
Cloth 0-7735-1364-7 $34.95



FOR AN AMERINDIAN AUTOHISTORY
An Essay on the Foundations of a Social Ethic
Georges E. Sioui Translated by Sheila Fischman; Foreword by Bruce G. Trigger
McGill-Queen's Native and Northern Series
Paper 0-7735-1328-0 $12.95
Cloth 0-7735-0950-X $39.95



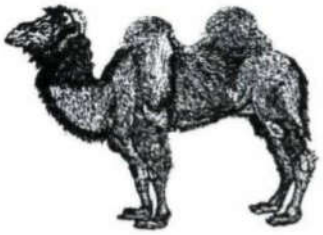
ANATOMY OF A NAVAL DISASTER
The 1746 French Expedition to North America
James Pritchard
Cloth 0-7735-1325-6 $39.95

THE SIEGE OF FORT CUMBERLAND, 1776
An Episode in the American Revolution
Ernest Clarke
Cloth 0-7735-1323-X $39.95

PADRES IN NO MAN'S LAND
Canadian Chaplains and the Great War
Duff Crerar
McGill-Queen's Studies in the History of Religion
Cloth 0-7735-1230-6 $39.95

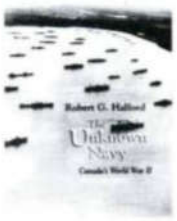
McGILL-QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PRESS

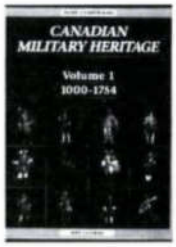
Ask at your favourite bookstore
Or call toll-free: 1-800-565-9523
VISA/MasterCard/American Express accepted



Camels In The Cariboo

The Beaver
February/March





The Unknown Navy:
Canada's World War II Merchant Navy
Robert G. Halford
$29.95 *1-55125-016-0*

Buttons Of The Canadian Militia:
Army, Naval and Air Forces 1900-1990
Eric Smylie
$35.00 *1-55125-004-7*

First In The Field:
Gault Of The Patricias
Jeffery Williams - Governor General's Award Winning Author
$37.95 *1-55068-055-2*

Canadian Military Heritage:
Volume I1000-1754 and Volume II1755-1871
Rene Chartrand
$49.95 Vol I *2-920718-49-5*
$49.95 Vol II *2-920718-50-9*

Vanwell Publishing Limited
1 Northrup Crescent P.O. Box 2131 St. Catharines, ON L2M 6P5
fax: (905) **937-1760** tel: (905) **937-3100** or **1-800-661-6136**

From Lochaber to Glengarry

By Jean Morrison

THE LOCHABER EMIGRANTS TO GLENGARRY

Edited by Rae Fleming. Natural Heritage/Natural History Inc., Toronto, 1994. 195 pp., illus. $29.95 paper.

This book has several ready-made audiences. The most obvious are the countless descendants of its subject matter, the Lochaber Highlanders who emigrated in 1802 to Glengarry in eastern Upper Canada. Foremost are members of the MacMillan Clan. Not only did Archibald "Murlaggan" and Allan "Glenpean" McMillan lead the 448 colonists across the Atlantic and of these not only were MacMillans and their kin the most numerous, but this publication itself is the brainchild of the singular Hugh MacMillan, history sleuth extraordinaire.

Other Glengarrians will want this work for their local history collections, whether their ancestors arrived before 1802 or after, or whether they still reside in the region. Other potential buyers are many first-generation inhabitants who have succumbed to the spell of Glengarry, people like David Anderson, tenant of the Bethune-Thompson House in Williamstown, past-president of the Glengarrry Historical Society and contributor to this volume.

Certain others with no Lochaber or Glengarry legacy to claim will also be drawn to the book by its evocative title and haunting covers. Lochaber and Glengarry — names like these convey the very essence of Gaelic tradition and lore. For how many older Canadians doesn't the word Glengarry convey some nostalgia from their childhood reading of Ralph Connor? Who among the innumerable North West Company enthusiasts are not fascinated with the two Glengarrys, the Scottish birthplace of a few Nor'westers and the Canadian retirement home for several more? And what of the quintessential Highland place-name, Lochaber? Its ring must resound in the psyches of all admirers of Gaelic culture, even if their knowledge of Lochaber's exact location may be somewhat vague. (It straddles the Great Glen between Glengarry and Fort William.)

This very diversity in the potential market presents an editorial problem, not quite resolved. One is never quite sure whether it has been compiled specifically for MacMillans and other Glengarrrians or intended for a broader readership. Hugh MacMillan's introduction, for example, is directed to the settlers' descendants, while David Anderson's transcription of the three emigrant ships' passenger lists is of interest primarily to the family historian.

But the rest of us must not feel excluded. The rarity of these early lists make its transcription an invaluable tool for the study of emigration history. The chapter on the Glenpean and Murlaggan MacMillans with pages of manually printed charts is priceless for the Glengarry researcher; outsiders who glimpse into these records, however, may discover fascinating tidbits, among them the descent of migration leader, Archibald MacMillan (b. 1770) through almost two centuries to the third generation with the death of his grandson in 1965.

This compilation of essays covers the Highland background to the emigration and the New World experiences of some of its more colourful personalities.

Of those who survived slaughter and famine, the emigrants and their progeny were more fortunate than most who stayed behind. Yet many of these also suffered suffering and set-back in the New World. In "The Indian-Metis Connection: James McMillan and his Descendants", Heather Devine tells of this North West Company clerk and later Hudson's Bay Company Chief Trader who died in poverty, of his three country marriages and the remarkable tracing of their offspring. (One daughter married Joseph McLoughlin, son of Dr. John McLoughlin, but not by Marguerite Wadin MacKay, as suggested.)

Hugh MacMillan teases us with just fragments of the rags-to-riches-to-jail story of twentieth-century prospectors and stock promoters George and Viola MacMillan. We learn more of the family's Caribbean connection through relatives who settled in the West Indies as plantation overseers. Discovered by Hugh MacMillan, their descendants today very much reflect generations of inter-marriage with the progeny of African slaves.

With fifteen contributions by eleven authors, the narrative at times seems disjointed, but with no discredit to editor Rae Fleming who correctly admits that the project was worth the frustration. Another criticism concerns the maps. As an aid to the geographically uninformed, insets of Lochaber and Glengarry within the larger context of Scotland and Ontario would have been useful. But these are minor complaints.

Jean Morrison is an historian living in Thunder Bay, Ontario.

THE PACKET

Letters, Notes and Opinion

The War of 1812, Continued ...

In your August-September 1995 issue Ronald Cantlie expresses his displeasure with my earlier letter about the War of 1812. I had thought I had displayed proper impartiality, emphasizing American blunders on land as well as our successes on the water. Anyway, with much of his letter I find our differences are not worth fussing about, but I cannot leave his comments on impressment unanswered.

He is right that the New England states opposed the war, but they did so because their shipping interests, with Puritan practicality, put their trade with England ahead of the loss of American seamen. The rest of the country did not agree. While, as he says, the Navigation Acts permitted Royal Navy ships to impress seamen from British or colonial merchantmen, they certainly could not legalize stopping neutral ships at sea and kidnapping American citizens. The British claimed a right, contested by Americans, to stop neutral ships under the excuse that they might have British deserters in their crews. This was often true, but the press gangs were impartial and seized many Americans, and went so far as to take four men off a U.S. Navy ship and hang one of them. From then on anti-British feeling and demands for action steadily rose until President Madison declared War in 1812.

I did not say that impressment was the only cause of the war, as Mr. Cantlie reiterates, but it was an important one. The last sentence in his letter implies that the British only stopped impressing Americans after 1814 because they no longer needed them, leaving the impression that he sees nothing wrong with this piracy. It was, I repeat, not the only cause of the war; others grew out of the various orders-in-council and the resultant blockades which cut off American trade with continental Europe. But it was a major irritant.

Mr. Cantlie is again right in saying that the war ended in a draw as far as gains and losses of land go. But he scoffs at my statement that the end was generally in our favour. This is perhaps a quibble, but the facts are that large claims for surrender of

Captain of U.S. Infantry, 1813, by C.W. Jefferys, 1903.

American soil were abandoned by the Crown in the Treaty of Ghent which ended hostilities. This certainly looks to me like a gain for our side.

I will repeat the point I tried to make in the letter which so upset Mr. Cantlie, that the war has always been believed by my countrymen to be a war against England, not Canada, and the attempts to invade Canada were so regarded by the British. Confirmation of this comes from no less a source than *The Beaver*, in the August-September 1994 issue of which it is stated, in the review "Most Merrily to War," that "historians have long maintained that the war [in Canada] was won by the professional [British] soldier." I will concede a Canadian victory to the extent that the American invasions of Canada failed, but the major war was elsewhere.

If American claims to victory seem tenuous to Mr. Cantlie, let me remind him that this altercation grew out of my surprise on reading in *The Beaver* that Canada had won a war which I thought we had fought against England. The United States declared war on England after several years of British actions inimical to the U.S. and our citizens. Canada inevitably, because of geography, got drawn into this war, and fighting along the border surged back and forth, rivals trading victory and defeat pretty evenly after early American fumbling. But Mr. Cantlie should know that meanwhile the British were invading my country in force, attacking towns along the Chesapeake, burning Washington and finally repelled near Baltimore in the victory that inspired *The Star-Spangled Banner*. There was later the attempted invasion of the South by a large force of British regulars, soundly defeated at the Battle of New Orleans. This was inconclusive since the war was officially over but word of peace had not yet crossed the Atlantic. However, it was a major assault, and an American victory. These were serious attempts to crush this country, a much more serious

THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in the future.

Individuals or organizations that have helped popularize Canadian history through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service may be nominated.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 1996 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to a name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome.

Nominations for the 1996 Pierre Berton Award must be received by May 30, 1996

The Pierre Berton Award
Canada's National History Society
478-167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3B 0T6

If you require further information on the Award, please contact the Society at the above address or
phone (204)988-9300 or
fax (204)988-9309
E-mail:Beaver@cyberspc.mb.ca

affair than the sparring on the border, and Canada had no part in them. Our war was with England.

Mr. Cantlie is very knowledgeable about the fighting on our mutual border, although he does not mention the important part Tecumseh and his warriors played in Canadian victories. He has a plausible alibi for the British defeat on Lake Erie, but is silent on Lake Champlain where similar excuses would not work. Nor does he mention the British force headed for New York via Champlain and the Hudson, forced to flee back to Canada after being cut off from their supplies. His complete silence on English land invasions of the United States serves to emphasize Canadian rebuffs of American attacks on Canada but does not make good history.

I will end by again stressing my liking and respect for Canada and Canadians. Why else would I subscribe to *The Beaver*? I have travelled and hunted and fished from Newfoundland to the Yukon, I have good friends there, and I am sorry that my letter prompted such a sour reply.

John Cadwalader,
Blue Bell, Pennsylvania.

Moved

I went on an emotional roller coaster ride reading Hugh A. Halliday's account of the 1947 Arctic rescue of Canon Turner [The Beaver, April /May 1995]. Finishing the story, I burst out crying.

In the time it took to read this tale of dauntless composure, I was carried back and forth between hope and despair, became irresistibly drawn to two men (Flying Officer Robert Race and Captain Guy d'Artois), and mourned the death of a third (Canon Turner). Later, when I had regained my composure, I was awestruck by Joan Turner's courage, not only for enduring this ordeal but also for going back later and meeting the North on her own terms.

On the second read, I found another hero, Race's navigator Clifford McMillan.

Thank you for a story that I shall never forget.

Janice Dowling,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Bad Old Days

I was very pleased to read the letter in the June/July issue of *The Beaver* from Frank Snowsell of Kelowna, B.C. as he was certainly correct when he told of the many hardships before the Second World War and how so many men in Western Canada were out of work and "rode the rods" across the prairies, as they had no place to sleep and nothing to eat. I remember them very well, and often counted hundreds as they went through the prairie towns.

It was unbelievable how terrible the Great Depression days really were, especially in southern Saskatchewan where there was so much drought along with it, and nothing grew, or if it did, it was immediately eaten by all the grasshoppers. It was unbelievable how the federal government said they had no money to help the Canadians, but when war was declared they were able to build so many planes and ships and equipment for all those who served. It was right, but they certainly did not pay them well, even though so many young people gave up their education, home life and even their lives.

It was true, too, that there were many teachers who only taught school for the grant of $800 or $900 a year, and I know some that taught the children for no salary at all, and they were never paid later for their faithfulness. It seems it is impossible for this generation, or the previous one, to believe that this type of life ever existed, much as we have tried over the years to convince them.

Lois Argue,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Of Heroes and Housemaids

The Canadian Historical Association, or CHA, has long been a good gray organization, so superbly academic that it automatically applies "Professor" to every name on its mailing list. Since 1922, its annual conference has been the place Canada's professional historians have gathered to discuss scholarly papers, socialize and ratify a slate of officers for the organization. Whatever the intellectual fireworks set off by its members, one might expect the life of such an organization to be placid and secure.

No more. Today the CHA finds itself fighting in what the lead-off session of last August's annual meeting in Montreal called "Clio's Uncivil War" (historians still speak of Clio as if people knew that she was once "the muse of history"). Suddenly, there are two academic history societies in Canada. If the CHA is not to one's taste, there is now "Osnick" — OSNHC, the Organization for the Study of the National History of Canada. (Canada's National History Society is another thing altogether — it's the publisher of *The Beaver*.)

For many scholars, OSNHC or the CHA is no easy choice. Personal rancours, resignations, and charges of injustice and secession proliferate on either side. If the split persists, it's uncertain that either organization will be large enough effectively to serve the constituency they share. Nervous graduate students wonder whether joining one will mean being shunned by the professors in the other.

Oddly enough, both sides find a rallying cry in something published in *The Beaver*. In the first of this series of columns, almost five years ago, I profiled Toronto historian Jack Granatstein, who championed the importance of traditional political history against the "new" and fashionable social history. The political history of the nation deserved more attention, he said, than "the history of housemaid's knee in Belleville".

I thought at the time I was being offered a vivid line to help my fledgling column along. Ever since, in fact, hardly anyone wades into the history wars without some reference to the Belleville housemaids.

Granatstein has become a prime mover in the forming of OSNHC to champion "national" history against what he sees as undue emphasis on the local, the social, and the obscure. Meanwhile, a recent president of the CHA, Veronica Strong-Boag, has referred sarcastically to those who study "the important history of important people, people who like themselves bear no resemblance to Belleville housemaids".

Beneath the sneers, there seems to be the germ of an intellectual issue here. Strong-Boag and her allies speak passionately of the need for a Canadian history that respects and includes the poor and the ethnic and the female and the victimized, whose scarcity in the history texts she links to their scarcity in the history departments. Granatstein and his allies retort that since Canada is inevitably a creation of politics, ignoring political history simply makes for bad politics and bad history. That seems to raise a debate that goes on in every historian's head and that any organization of historians should be glad to encourage: What should we write about and who should we listen to when we write Canadian history?

Sadly, it is hardly ever so high-minded. In the history war, leading protagonists of both sides present themselves as victims. One side protests the dominance of conservative white males in university faculties. The other laments its exclusion from the CHA program and slate of officers — traditionally important steps in a history professor's career. Peace-makers in the CHA call for debate and diversity under the CHA umbrella and lament the secession of any group. They point out that the CHA has long had specialist sections to accommodate every historical taste and faction. But OSNHC organizers say they were not just out-voted and sneered at, they were excluded by CHA program committees, which consistently refused to include sessions in which political history could be discussed. The CHA rejects that. "Look at the programs," retorts OSNHC, "there is just about nothing for us." Angelika Sauer of Winnipeg declares that OSNHC does not seek to compete with the CHA at all, but "if the CHA is losing members, it should take a close look at itself and why former members felt excluded."

Indeed, there is a sameness about CHA programs. This year, "discourse" and "the construction of meaning" seemed to leap from every page of the program, until even a social historian might long for something bluntly statistical or the kind of class analysis that was cutting-edge 20 years ago. But I had always put that down to the fashion-chasing herd instinct of academic life, not some conspiracy. OSNHC's own

peace-makers, however, suggest that, with the best will in the world, "the sheer size of the CHA is itself a problem".

Norman Hillmer, an OSNHC founder who emphasizes he is also a CHA supporter active in several of its specialist sections, observes, "specialized conferences simply work better. At the OSNHC conference (in Ottawa, starting 26 November, 1995), there will be no competitor sessions, just one session at a time, and everyone will attend it. That just makes for a richer intellectual experience. Frankly, the CHA increasingly is not like that. In Montreal I heard one superb paper, by Michael Hennessy. But," he observes sadly, with five other sessions featuring 25 scholars going on at the same time, "there were just three of us there to hear it."

Hillmer hopes that by focusing on Canadian "national" history, OSNHC can actually be broader. "It never occurred to me [for OSNHC] to be a committee of the CHA, largely because we wanted to appeal to members who are not historians." Half of OSNHC's 250 members are said to be political scientists, journalists, legal scholars and other non-historians. Jonathan Vance, the young scholar who has just become editor of *National History*, the new journal associated with OSNHC, says the same of his contributors. "We are looking for articles to appeal widely, to address themselves to broad issues across a range of disciplines".

This too seems problematical. Defections to OSNHC might weaken the CHA, but it is far from certain that a wide-ranging quarterly journal priced at about $12 an issue will prosper. The interdisciplinary academic writing OSNHC hopes to publish faces a struggle in today's bureaucratic university, where disciplinary boundaries are also rigid job categories. When experimentation clashes with career advancement, only idealists wander far, and most of them were long since denied tenure.

Tenure and jobs, in fact, lurk close below the surface of the history war. Graduate schools at Canadian universities still have no compunction about accepting thousands of applicants who have no reasonable chance of getting the only jobs for which they are being prepared, namely university faculty positions. The CHA's Montreal session on the dispute was crowded with graduate students and temporary lecturers facing that situation. One of the panelists won a laugh by saying he had been a "visiting full-time/part-time assistant professor" (that is, one with no job security whatever) since 1989.

Not surprisingly, he called for a cease-fire in the history war. Young scholars often suspect that the conflict is simply more evidence that being a good historian is less important than being on the good side of whoever sits on the hiring committee. What ought to be intellectual debates rapidly degenerate into turf wars. The struggle of women and minorities to overcome discrimination and of men to get a job despite affirmative action is complicated by suspicion that the post will go, not to the best intellect, but to someone's protege or someone who fills a slot. In that context, the CHA/OSNHC battle produces more raw fear than intellectual curiosity among the job-seekers. Their seniors' talk of exclusions and secessions simply raises another career hurdle. Is it the OSNHC card or the CHA card that will be either the vital necessity or the damning admission at some future job interview?

Professor Naomi Griffiths of Carleton University, a panelist at the CHA session, reminded the audience in a warm, reflective talk that only in the brief moment of university expansion in the 1960s were academic jobs relatively easy to come by. She told of beginning her (now renowned) studies of Acadian history in the 1950s, when finding a university job was largely a matter of waiting

Retrace the footsteps of the
ARCTIC EXPLORERS

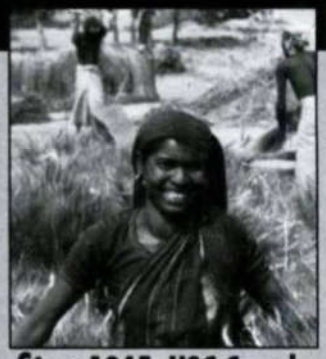
Share the stories ... Franklin, Hearne, Jenness, and others, as well as those of the Inuit people. Explore this historic land. Lodge, camping, or canoe experiences. All-inclusive packages from Yellowknife. Summer course for teachers. "Everyone owes himself or herself a week at Bathurst, at least once in a lifetime."

— C. Stuart Houston

Bathurst Inlet Lodge

P.O. Box 820 (BES)
Yellowknife, N.W.T. X1A 2N6
Ph: (403) 873-2595 Fax: (403) 920-4263

50 YEARS OF GOLDEN INVESTMENTS



Since 1945, USC Canada has successfully invested in people in Africa and Asia.

Please make your pledge to USC by calling: 1-800-5656 USC and 234-9335 for Ottawa calls.

USC Canada
56 Sparks Street
Ottawa (Ontario) K1P 5B1
(613) 234-6827

My contribution $ _____ is enclosed.
(Postdated cheques welcome)

Name: _____

Address: _____

(Please print and indicate Apt. No. and Postal Code)

Registration number
006 4758 09 10

50
YEARS OF PROGRESS

for someone to die. She encouraged the students to resist "the age of categorization" and follow their own intellectual bent despite the incivility of the history wars.

But in history departments the categories hardened long ago. Margaret Prang, a former CHA president and long-time professor at the University of British Columbia, recently published *A Heart At Leisure from Itself*, a remarkable biography of Caroline Macdonald, a young woman from southern Ontario who made herself one of the most influential foreigners in Japan between the wars. In her preface, Prang writes that the topic was first suggested to her in 1963. "Instinctively I knew that a biography of an unknown female missionary was not a profitable pursuit ... This was not a story ... that one was 'permitted to tell,' at least in academe." Prang chose instead to write a "biography of a male political figure who fell within the range of acceptable academic subjects". Caroline Macdonald had to wait for Prang's retirement.

Today it's not certain that even OSNHC would be very interested in Newton Rowell, the minor politician of whom Prang wrote the definitive study. But her experience continues to be repeated. When I began following the history war last winter, I encountered a young graduate student who had been planning to write a dissertation about the life of a Canadian political thinker of deeply conservative hue. One professor after another declared that such a choice would make a university career impossible. The student dutifully changed topics. We may wait 40 years for that book too.

OSNHC will probably hold some lively conferences, and the CHA will no doubt survive. Meanwhile the deeper problems revealed in the history wars look to be very well entrenched.

Membership in OSNHC, including a one-year subscription to *National History*, will cost $45. *National History* is published by Copp Clark, 2775 Matheson Blvd. East, Mississauga, L4W 4P7 starting in January 1996. For memberships and information about the CHA, write Canadian Historical Association, 395 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0N3.

1945: When Canada Won the War

Canada's National History Society and the Canadian Historical Association are pleased to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II with the publication of **1945: When Canada Won the War.** This historical booklet was written by Desmond Morton, one of Canada's leading historians. Dr. Morton is the director of the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada and a director of the Society.

The booklet describes how W.W. II changed everything. It left Canada and the U.S. the two richest nations in the world. Canadians came of age and accepted responsibilities in, to and for the world and earned a reputation as "useful fixers". The booklet helps us remember those who paid in full for what their country gained.

THE BOOKLET IS AVAILABLE IN EITHER ENGLISH OR FRENCH FROM.....

The Canadian Historical Association
395 Wellington St.,Ottawa, ON K1A0N3
Phone 613-2337885 • Fax 613-567-3110

The cost is $4.25 per copy and the price includes postage and taxes.Cheques or money orders should be made payable to the Association.

Photo: National Archives of Canada

THE SOCIETY

Awards for the Best

Canada's National History Society has introduced a national awards program to recognize teaching excellence in Canadian history.

The Society wants to recognize the best Canadian history teachers in the country.

This national awards program is open to all teachers of Canadian history in Grades 1 through 12 (and OAC in Ontario). Twelve finalists will be selected, by a national judging panel, and provided with an all-expense-paid trip for two to the awards ceremony and banquet to be held in August, 1996. A national grand prize winner will be selected from among the finalists and receive, among other things, a medal and a cash prize of $5,000. The winner's school will also be honoured with prizes including a computer with CD-Rom capability.

An announcement of this program has been widely distributed to school boards, provincial teachers' associations, Ministries/Departments of Education and schools throughout Canada. A detailed brochure on this program, that outlines eligibility, nomination requirements and selection criteria, will be distributed to the same educational market early in the New Year. The brochure will also be available from the Society's office.

The entry deadline for the inaugural competition is May 3, 1996. This national program has been developed with the assistance of educators across the country and the Company for Education Communications, Inc. (CoEd), in Toronto, a firm that specializes in developing programs for the educational and youth markets.

Museum Discount Program -a New Member

TWELVE MUSEUMS across Canada are now participating in the Society's admission discount program. The latest one is Pointe-à-Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire du Montréal.

The program provides Society members with a discount of at least 20 per cent on regular admission to these museums upon presentation of your Society membership card.

The Pierre Berton Award, consisting of a medal and a cash prize, being presented to James H. Gray by The Rt. Hon. Joe Clark, October 5, 1995.

James Gray Honoured

THE SOCIETY HONOURED James H. Gray, of Calgary, with the 1995 Pierre Berton Award at a dinner October 5 hosted The Right Honourable Joe Clark, a director of the Society. Forty-five people attended the event and represented the Gray family and Calgary's business, historical, literary and educational communities.

James Gray is the second recipient of the Pierre Berton Award " for distiguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history." Named after Pierre Berton, who received the inaugural honour in November 1994, the award consists of an engraved silver medal and a cash prize of $5,000 which is to be used " for a history project or organization in which the recipient may or may not be involved."

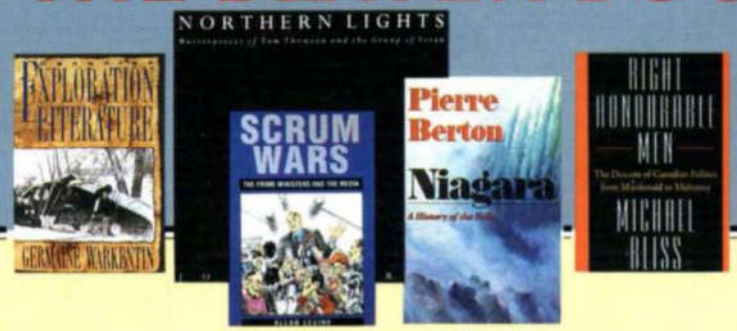
In writing about the dinner in the **Calgary Herald**, columnist William Gold said: "There was a beautiful moment in Calgary...when Jim Gray rose to speak and it took the form of a reverential silence until he sat down." That is not quite true. Certainly the guests were in awe of this remarkable 89-year old historian. But the silence was often punctuated with robust laughter in response to Gray's witty and entertaining remarks. Among his many stories, he told of how difficult it is to spend money in the name of history. He cited his 25-year plight to promote history in Alberta schools and Western Canadian universities through scholarship programs he generously financed. The results were dismal and disappointing. Few students received the scholarships because few institutions promoted the program. And when Gray challenged the apparent educational cold shoulder toward this program - a program that would encourage the teaching of history in schools - he was bruskly told by an official in the Alberta Education Ministry: " We teach children, not history." Gray confessed he will undoubtedly have great difficulty spending the cash portion of the Berton award. He said, he may well have to return the cheque to the Society, and give it back the task, given his unsuccessful efforts to date. The medal, however, was a different matter. To him it "topped" all the numerous honours that have come to him, a self-described "high school drop-out from the North End of Winnipeg," yet a man who, nonetheless, through his twelve books, has brought Western Canadian history to life and to millions of readers throughout North America.

Canada's National History Society

Board of Directors

The Right Honourable Joe Clark, Calgary • The Honourable Justice Joseph A. Ghiz, Charlottetown • A. Rolph Huband, Oakville, ON
Paul-André Linteau, Montreal • Tina Loo, Vancouver • Joseph E. Martin, Toronto • Desmond Morton, Montreal • William Nobleman, Toronto
Marlene Shore, Toronto • Shirlee Anne Smith, Winnipeg

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB



THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB offers a convenient way to obtain selected Canadian books - primarily those dealing with historical or biographical subjects - at significant savings. Selections may vary with each issue of The Beaver.

NORTHERN LIGHTS
Masterpieces of Tom Thomson and the Group of Seven,
by Joan Murray
A stunning, commemorative 75th anniversary tribute to Canada's most beloved and influential artists. 10 3/4" x 10 3/4" 196 pp., over 140 colour plates. Publisher's List Price $50;
Club Price **$32.** (cloth)

RIGHT HONOURABLE MEN
by Michael Bliss
This is a book that Canadians have been waiting for: a unique history of the country told through the personalities of its ten most important prime ministers. 320pp. Publisher's List Price $28; Club Price **$ 17.50** (cloth)

LOUISBOURG PORTRAITS
by Christopher Moore
Military sieges dominate the history of Louisbourg. Moore describes the town behind the fortress walls through five dramatic tales of people who lived in the 18th- century garrison town. 302 pp. Publisher's List Price $14.95; Club Price **$11.** (paper)

THE PEOPLE'S RAILWAY
by Donald Mackay
Canada's first crown corporation, the Canadian National Railway, is described from its beginnings through profiles, interviews and first- hand accounts. 325pp., B&W photos. Publisher's List Price $19.95;
Club Price **$14.**(paper)

NEW **TO THE ARCTIC BY CANOE 1819-1821: THE JOURNAL AND PAINTINGS OF ROBERT HOOD, MIDSHIPMAN WITH FRANKLIN**
edited by C. Stuart Houston
A remarkable record of the first overland Arctic expedition led by Sir John Franklin, which despite its accomplishments, remains one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Arctic exploration. 217 pp., maps, illustrations. Publisher's List Price $22.95; Club Price $16.50 (paper)

Still Available

Which Reminds Me,
Mitchell Sharp **$29.**

Niagara, *Pierre Berton* **$15.**

André Laurendeau,
Donald Horton **$16.50**

SCRUM WARS
The Prime Ministers and the Media *by Allan Levine*
An anecdotal and analytical account of the fascinating and dramatic confrontations between the prime ministers of Canada and the men and women of the Canadian news media. 350pp, 30 illustrations. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

A MILITARY HISTORY OF CANADA
by Desmond Morton
Morton has integrated the experiences of Canadians fighting on land, sea and air and linked them, for the first time, to Canadian history as a whole. Third Edition. 315 pp., photographs, maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99;
Club Price **$12.** (paper)

CANADIAN EXPLORATION LITERATURE
by Germaine Warkentin
A collection of writings by Canada's early explorers. This fascinating and unique anthology includes the letters, diaries, reports and surveys of more than twenty explorers, from Pierre Esprit Radisson, and his travels to Lake Superior in 1660, to Captain John Palliser, and his 1859 report of settlement prospects in the Canadian Prairies. 464pp., maps. Publisher's List Price $34.95; Club Price **$ 19.** (cloth)

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM NOTMAN
by Roger Hall, Gordon Dodds and Stanley Triggs
William Notman was Canada's most remarkable 19th- century photographer. This elegant book is a tribute to the timeless work produced by him and his sons in Canada and the United States. 226 pp. Publisher's List Price $75; Club Price **$34.** (cloth)

NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA
by Kevin McNamee
with a foreword by David Suzuki.
A celebration, in words and pictures, of Canada's national park system, its evolution, achievements and future. 224pp., 120 colour, 40 black & white photographs , 10 maps. Publisher's List Price $45; Club Price **$29.** (cloth)

NEW **CANADA, QUÉBEC AND THE USES OF NATIONALISM**
by Ramsay Cook
How did Canadians reach this point? How did Québec nationalism come to threaten the future of the entire country? Is there a solution? These are among the questions tackled by noted historian Ramsay Cook in this important and timely book, now in its second edition, about the clash of cultures in Canada. 294 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$12.** (paper)

A SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA
by Desmond Morton
Revised and expanded in the 1990s, this new edition provides a lively, insightful and comprehensive account of what shaped Canada's past. Must reading to understand Canada today. 351 pp. Publisher's List Price $18.99; Club Price **$11** (paper)

THE LOYALISTS
by Christopher Moore
The award-winning account of some 50,000 Americans who fled the United States for Canada in the late 18th-century in protest over the revolution against Britain. 280 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$12.** (paper)

A NATION TOO GOOD TO LOSE *by Joe Clark*
An important and timely book. In a readable and passionate manner, former Prime Minister Joe Clark tells why the Canada we know can still be saved. 250 pp.
Publisher's List Price $16.95;
Club price **$12.** (paper)

NEW **DRUM SONGS: GLIMPSES OF DENE HISTORY**
by Kerry Abel
Tracing key themes and reconstructing important moments in Dene history, this book examines the history of the Dene from ancient times to the present. 339 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.95; Club Price **$15** (paper)

Please send me the following.....

Title:_____

Title:_____

Title:_____

ORDER BY MAIL: THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB 478 - 167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg MB R3B 0T6. **ADD:** $5.00, shipping and handling to each order and (Canadian Residents Only) 7% G.S.T. to the total order. (U.S. orders in U.S. funds please). CREDIT CARD HOLDERS ONLY: **PHONE** Toll free, Canada & U.S., 1-800-816-6777, weekdays, 8:30 am to 4:30 pm, Central time zone or **FAX:** (204) 988-9309

PAYMENT BY: _____Visa_____Mastercard_____Amex_____Cheque or money order, Payable to The Beaver

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

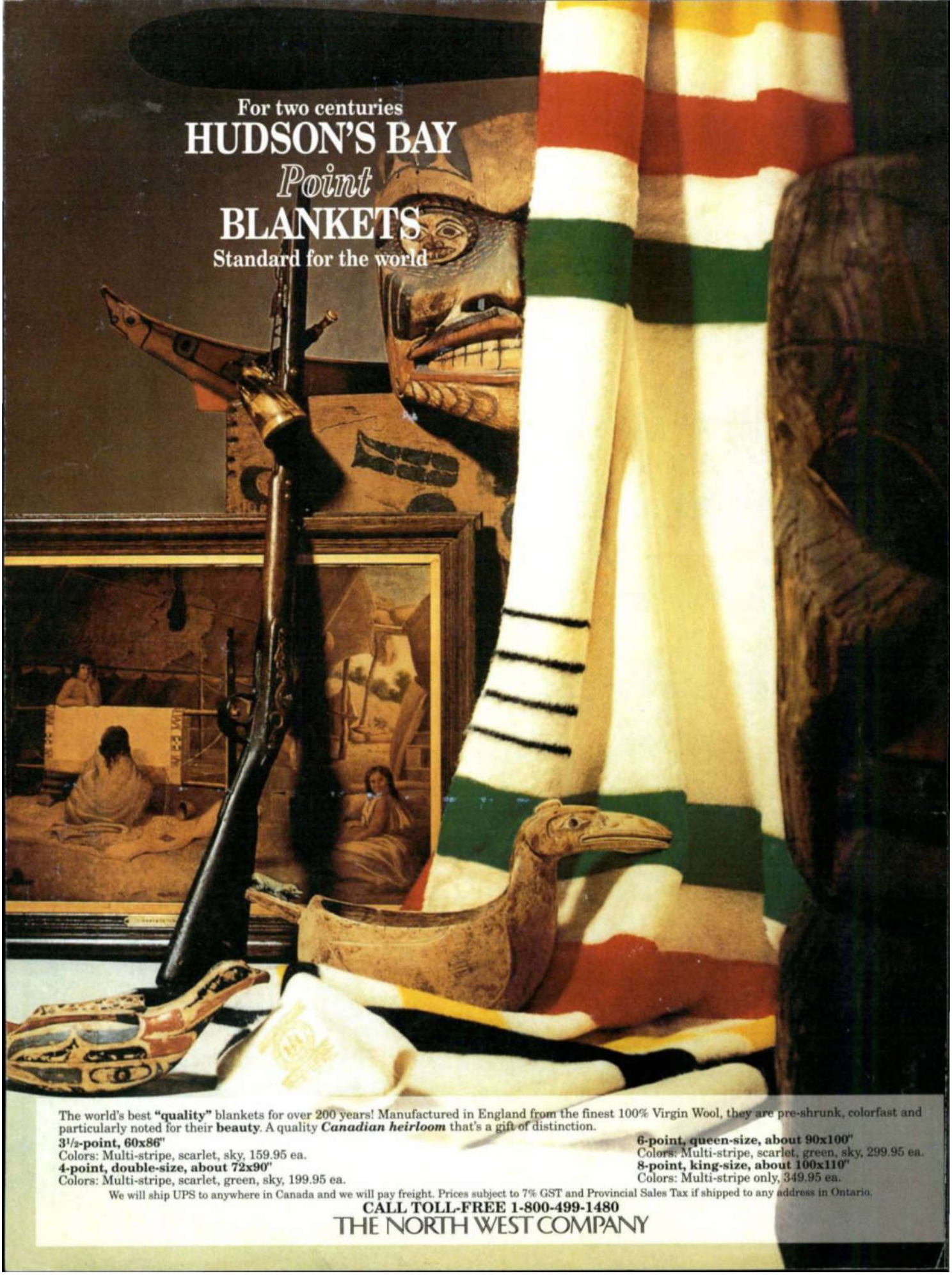
CITY_____PROV._____

TELEPHONE_____POSTAL/ZIP_____

CREDIT CARD NO._____EXPIRY DATE_____

SIGNATURE_____

A PROJECT OF CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY



The world's best **"quality"** blankets for over 200 years! Manufactured in England from the finest 100% Virgin Wool, they are pre-shrunk, colorfast and particularly noted for their **beauty**. A quality ***Canadian heirloom*** that's a gift of distinction.

3½-point, 60x86"
Colors: Multi-stripe, scarlet, sky, 159.95 ea.

4-point, double-size, about 72x90"
Colors: Multi-stripe, scarlet, green, sky, 199.95 ea.

6-point, queen-size, about 90x100"
Colors: Multi-stripe, scarlet, green, sky, 299.95 ea.

8-point, king-size, about 100x110"
Colors: Multi-stripe only, 349.95 ea.

We will ship UPS to anywhere in Canada and we will pay freight. Prices subject to 7% GST and Provincial Sales Tax if shipped to any address in Ontario.

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-499-1480

THE NORTH WEST COMPANY